

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 30, 1969 80 CENTS

THE RAUCOUS NEW CUBS

Ron Santo leads off first





If you were a prince in the 1930's, you might have owned a Mercedes-Benz 540K. Today, you can drive an even finer convertible — for \$11,000 less.

Mercedes-Benz built its classic 540K Cabriolet (background) with all the deliberate speed of an oyster constructing a pearl.

During the entire four-year life of the model, 1936 through 1939, only 406 cars left the plant.

But these cars, snapped up by the rich and royal for the equivalent of \$23,000 today, were enough to make the 540K a legend—the epitome of motoring splendor in the era.

Even now, miniature 540Ks adorn the shelves of modelers, and originals are the envy of aficionados at concours d'élégance the world over.

The latest Mercedes-Benz luxury convertible is at left. The 280SE. While modern technology has spurred production to a heady nine cars a week, helping to shave the price to a mere \$12,000, the car is a worthy successor to the 540K in every way.

If you could strip away the body, you'd find a chassis startlingly different from that of any convertible or sedan built in America.

The innards of an Indianapolis racing machine would come closer. You'd spot all-independent suspension, for matchless agility and roadholding. Massive, four-wheel disc brakes, for heroic stopping power. And an obedient steering system that blesses you with precise, "feel-of-the-road" control.

Of course, all Mercedes-Benz motor cars, even those under \$5,000, have these same performance features.

But the Convertible is also a

masterpiece of workmanship.

The body cannot be unbolted from the frame, as with a conventional car, because they are welded into one rigid, rattle-thwarting unit.

Hands in soft gloves caress the body to detect bumps and burrs, and smooth them away. Vital seams are soldered and buffed to oblivion.

Probing with stethoscopes, engineers have winnowed out harmonic vibrations in the drive train. Seat springs are actually tuned to the car's suspension movements—to cancel thousands of tiny, tiring tremors every mile.

Of course, all Mercedes-Benz motor cars, even those under \$5,000, are built this same way, too.

So what makes the Convertible worth \$12,000? Finicky details, frankly.

Like the exquisite leather that lines the car. Glove box, underside of the dash, and all.

Like the handmade fabric top; so thick it houses a courtesy lamp, so padded it muffles road noise better than most hard tops, so taut it refuses to flutter at turnpike speeds.

Like the trim of knurled walnut root, macassar, or other rare woods.

For all the amenities of the Convertible, chat with your dealer.

And, while you're in the showroom, examine some other models. You may be surprised at what a splendid Mercedes-Benz you can get—even for a less princely sum.



Background: antiques-style 540K of 1936. Foreground: a contemporary classic, the 280SE Convertible. For a free 2' x 3' wall poster of this photograph in full color, visit your nearest Mercedes-Benz showroom.

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Just a guy who likes the feel of the world's greatest basketball shoes

Yes, Converse All Stars, both high cuts and oxfords, appear on a lot of famous feet. Most pro, college, and high school basketball players, for instance. Every Olympic team since 1936 (when basketball became an Olympic event). A great many leading club squash, badminton, and handball players, too. In fact, Converse All Stars are specified by more coaches, worn by more players than any other shoe specifically made for basketball. But . . . there are many other great guys who won't drive down to the store in anything else but Converse All Stars. Around-the-yard men who like the feel of the great shoe. And leisure time athletes everywhere. So why not get a pair for your closet? Wherever sporting goods are sold.

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converse

When you're out to beat the world

Contents

JUNE 30, 1969 Volume 30, No. 26

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

10 The Way to San Jose

It was a long haul, but John Carlos and his Bandits overtook Kansas to win the collegiate track championship

14 Leo's Bums Rap for the Cubs

Forget genteel Chicago fans. The new breed rips up a storm in support of Darocher's tough ball club

20 Quitting Is the Name of Any Game

A modern concept of an old saw: it matters not if you win or lose, it's how you quit the game

22 The Grand Prix des Dames

Jerry Cooke focuses his color camera on the women who ornament the men of speed

30 Something Extra on the Ball

When an athlete needs help, one of the first places he looks is into sports' little black bag of drags

48 Odd One for the Sun Devils

Arizona State won the college baseball title, but it possibly won't next year. The majors will see to that

52 Owl

Meet him: tiny jazz-bull, symbol of wisdom, student of poezy, hater of cat, practitioner of jazz

The departments

6 Scorecard

44 Bridge

48 College Baseball

50 Motor Sports

63 For the Record

64 Baseball's Week

66 19th Hole

10

14

20

22

30

48

52

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly except one issue at year end by Time Inc. 540 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill. 60611, (general office) Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James A. Lirin, President; Richard B. MaKinnough, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized at second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands: \$9.00 a year, delivery guaranteed anywhere in the world \$7.90 a year, all others \$14.00 a year.

Circle on page 63

Next week

THE 18-FOOT POLE VAULT and two exciting rematches between Ryan and Laquan in the mile and Evans and Mills in the 440 may be in store at Miami's AAU championships

THE JOYS of an old-fashioned Fourth of July are among our vanishing glories, but a photo essay that ranges from Ohio to Alaska shows the parade and sack race afterglow dead yet

THE SOUND OF HOOVES and memories of Hemingway combine in Pamplona where John McCormick finds the author's descriptions still valid and the bulls running hard

The Legend of 100 Pipers

There's a legend
that says you hear
one Piper playing when
you sip a good Scotch.
Two Pipers, if the
Scotch is smooth.
Maybe five or six,
if it's mellow.

But only when you
sip a truly great, great
Scotch will you ever hear
one hundred Pipers.
So goes the legend.

Seagram captured this
legend in a bottle and
called it 100 Pipers.
Which tells you
something about the
taste of our Scotch.



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Taste that matches legend.

Fifty drops bottled in Scotland at 80 Proof. Blended
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"I always think of the passengers as eggs."

"Sometimes our radar indicates a little rough air ahead.

You know, the kind where you bounce a little. It has no effect on my control of the aircraft, but I'll still request clearance to get over it.

Even if it means losing some time.

Why?

When I started with American, 15 years ago, my first instructor told me something.

He said, 'Always think of the passengers as thin-shelled eggs sitting back there on the floor. And your job is to get them from point A to point B without putting the tiniest crack in one of them.' I still take each bounce personally."

Captain Cliff Schmidt is the kind of man who makes the best pilot because he's a concerned man. He does more than just his job. That's the American Way.

Fly the American Way. American Airlines

A hot dog and a what?



The unexpected soft drink.

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The 7 Capital Sins.

Pride. Everybody makes mistakes with his money sometimes. The costliest ones are the ones you don't admit to yourself. So don't be afraid to take a loss when it seems you have to. It could be good for the soul. Also for the portfolio.

Covetousness. Remember that stock you almost bought that doubled in 37 days, beginning the day you decided not to buy it? Well, forget it. Longing after old opportunities is as bad as longing after old loves. It makes you lose sight of current opportunities—and usually there are lots of them.

Lust. Save your passions for worthy social causes. If you invest with your emotions, it might turn into a good book, but it probably won't turn into a good portfolio.

Envy. Another man's portfolio is another man's portfolio. What's good for him may not be good for you. Everybody wants to make big profits, but not everybody can afford big risks.

Gluuttony. Don't bite off more than you can eschew. Invest what you can afford. Don't overdiversify. If you're worrying about whether you're overextended, you probably are. Cut back. If you want to be a fat cat, keep a lean portfolio.

Anger. See Lust.

Sloth. The world changes. Values change. Stocks change. Don't be too lazy to keep an eye on yours. If you haven't the time or the inclination or the know-how, find someone who can help.

And that, in case you were wondering, is where we come in.

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SCORECARD

HOTTING UP THE WAR

By agreeing to let Connie Hawkins and his long exile and jump from the ABA's Minnesota Pipers to its own Phoenix Suns, the National Basketball Association accomplishes the following: 1) it avoids the agony of a \$6 million lawsuit, 2) it gets on the right side of public opinion, which has come to look upon Hawkins as the victim of a bum rap (in being blackballed by the NBA because of alleged links with basketball fixers), 3) it substantially strengthens its weakest team, and 4) it delivers what one ABA official admits is a "terrific blow" to the new league.

Although Hawkins has been accepted by the NBA, he has not yet been legally signed, newspaper reports to the contrary, because the option clause in his ABA contract does not expire until September 30. "And the NBA cannot hide him until then," says an ABA source, defiantly. Before that date Hawkins certainly will be under pressure from his home-town New York Nets to sign with them.

But Hawkins' jump has caused severe friction within the ABA. The other teams in the league are furious at the Pipers and Commissioner George Mikan for letting such a superstar escape. And the incident has added venom to the inter-league war Oakland's Alex Hannum says. "In the past I've told NBA players who have inquired about jumping to sit tight and wait until things settled down more. But not any longer—not after this. There's going to be a lot of action in the next few months."

WOLMAN RISES

Jerry Wolman, who incurred debts of more than \$30 million while running, among other things, various sporting enterprises in Philadelphia and who was obliged this spring to sell his Philadelphia Eagles to Leonard Tose for \$16,155,000 (SCORECARD, April 7), is trying to pop back into the picture. His sale of the

club to Tose was a conditional one, to become final only if Wolman could not raise the money to satisfy his creditors by a specific date, reportedly May 1. But last week, when Wolman appeared at a creditors' hearing in a Baltimore court, he said he had a "telephone commitment" to repurchase the Eagles and added that he had told Tose that he was in a position to buy the team back. Tose, on the other hand, says that the deadline for repurchase has passed.

The crucial question is, if Wolman regains control of the Eagles will he bring back Joe Kuharich?

DAMN

Some things are so shattering that they defy comment. We therefore will do no more than report that the Houston Music Theatre has produced what it feels is a contemporary, updated version of *Damn Yankees*. The title has been changed to *Damn Cardinals*. And, according to a spokesman, "Where there is a reference to the Washington Senators, we've changed it to the Montreal Expos."

THIN EDGE

A report is in from Bermuda. Naturalist David Wingate (SI, Nov. 4, 1968) on his back-to-the-wall effort to stave off the extinction of one of the rarest birds in the world, the cahow, or Bermuda petrel. Wingate has been providing and protecting the nesting burrows for the few remaining cahows, which breed, and lay their solitary egg, only on several islets off Bermuda. There were, according to Wingate, an estimated 24 nesting pairs observed on the island's last season, but only seven chicks were hatched. One of these died after two weeks, "apparently of starvation," Wingate says, "when one of its parents died. I tried to feed it, but it was too late." Reproductive success was thus only about 29%, which means the predicted rate of decline is indeed continuing. The villain is, of course,

DDT, which may have been used on a field as far away as Nebraska or Japan but which the cahow ultimately ingests feeding at sea. DDT causes thin shells and consequent high breakage rates in the birds' eggs. Wingate speculates, too, that unhatched chicks may have such frail bone structure that their efforts to peck their way out of even thin-shelled eggs may result in concussion, failure and death.

And the evidence is clear that the cahow is not the only seabird affected. Wingate says, "We are noticing the thin egg and high breakage rates with the white-tailed tropic birds. I am starting to have fears for all the world's other sea birds with a similar way of life."

GOUREL-GOUREL ROY

It looks as though Buffalo is going to have a domed stadium, after all (SCORECARD, June 16). The Erie County legislature finally got together last week and agreed on a plan to build an enclosed, air-conditioned structure in suburban Lancaster. Judge Roy Hofheinz, the Houston impresario, and Edward H. Cottrell, a Buffalo auto dealer, are the principal stockholders of the Kenford Co., which will lease the stadium for 40 years and guarantee Erie County a minimum of \$63.75 million through cash rentals and tax credits, whatever that means. Cottrell said he hoped that ground would be broken this year and that the second domed stadium ever built would be ready two years from next spring. By that time—if Roy Hofheinz still has his fast ball—Buffalo will have O. J. Simpson to draw crowds and a major league baseball franchise as well.

SOMETHING STIRRING

Pro football promises two fairly radical changes in 1969. The New Orleans Saints will have a netlike "hullpen" on the sideline to warm up kickers. The hullpen is collapsible and ordinarily will remain folded. But on third down and plenty, up will go the net and out will go the word "There's activity in the Saints' hullpen, folks."

The second change has to do with half-time shows on television. An experimental show-business format, to be prepared by Jule Styne, Broadway producer and composer, will be tested this fall. Its purpose is commercial (hopefully, local stations will not cut away

continued

Why you may be having a tough time getting The Uniroyal Masters.

What you can do about it.

Just a few months ago, we introduced what we felt were the most advanced tires being made today.

Evidently it's not everybody's idea of a good idea. Because a lot of people wanted and bought our tires faster than we could make them. So now a lot of people who want our tires are finding them hard to get.

The answer is obvious. We should make more tires.

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You see, we're talking about the time it takes to make two completely different tires. A front tire designed for steering. A rear tire designed for traction.

We give the front tire extra tread rows so you get excellent steering control.

As for the rear tire, well, we make it wider than the front's so you have more contact on the road. We also give it two different tread patterns so you wind up with superb traction on any kind of surface.

Then we make sure both tires have steel

reinforced sidewalls and a belt underneath the tread for maximum protection as well as extra mileage!

By this time, you're probably wondering what you can do about getting your Uniroyal Masters. Well, because of the unusual demand for these tires, we at Uniroyal

have instructed our dealers to do something a little unusual. That is, to take advance orders and put them on a first-come, first-served basis.

You don't even have to come in if you don't want to. Just call your nearest Uniroyal dealer and give him your order.

As soon as he gets your tires, he'll phone you to set a specific time for your convenience, of course to have them put on your car.

If, by chance, you happen

to be very impatient, look at it this way:

It's not every day you get a chance to wait for something worth waiting for.

For the name and address of the Uniroyal dealer nearest you, just call 800-243-0353 (toll free in Connecticut, dial 853-3000 collect).

A tire for the front



A tire for the rear



The Uniroyal Masters



Avis announces early retirement for rent a cars.

Today almost every car in the Avis fleet is traded in
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Even if it's been driven only a few thousand miles.

Why so soon?

Because we know you people who rent cars like getting
brand new cars to drive.

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A new car means new brakes, new tires, new shocks,
new upholstery.

New everything.

And isn't it nice to know the shiny new Plymouth you're
driving hasn't been driven hard—because it's hardly
been driven?

from the network for local programming during the intermission), but if it works out it could be the beginning of the end for all those dreary marching bands.

STRAWBERRY BACKLASH

The same week that James Simon Kunen, the 20-year-old author of *The Strawberry Statement*, gave his reasons why not to row in college (\$1, June 16), the Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta drew the largest number of spectators it has had since it left Poughkeepsie, N.Y. in 1950. And the crowd at Onondaga Lake in Syracuse (18,000, according to newspaper estimates) saw the most crews ever—57 from 24 schools compete in the traditional row.

OTTOZ ON TRACK

Eddy Ottoz, the Italian high hurdler who won the bronze medal at the Mexico City Olympics, had some pungent remarks to make on track recently at a California meet. For one thing, Ottoz does not think much of European hurdlers. "American hurdlers don't seem to feel that the high hurdles are a particularly difficult event," he said in his excellent English, "but in Europe the hurdlers are preoccupied with technique. So you will find much more refinement in European hurdling styles, while American hurdlers are proving that all you really need is a big, strong body."

Ottoz was talking a day or so before Erv Hall ran 13.2 in the high hurdles to tie the oldest record in the book. But as though in anticipation, the Italian had a comment on that, too. Martin Lauer of Germany was the first to do 13.2, in 1959 at Zurich, Switzerland, and Lee Calhoun, whom Ottoz described as probably the best hurdler who ever competed, equaled that in 1960 at Bern. Since then, only Earl McCulloch, in 1967 at Minneapolis, and Hall, last week in Tennessee, have been able to match the time.

Ottoz cast doubt on the authenticity of the times run by Lauer and Calhoun. Ottoz says, "Martin Lauer was never good enough to run that fast. The Swiss wanted the meet in Zurich to be a big success. Lauer was practically over the first hurdle before the starter's gun went off, and he was not called back for a false start. The next year Bern had a big meet, and the people there also wanted a world record. So in Calhoun's race the timers were a little slow starting their watches."

"Meet directors in Europe compete

fiercely with each other," Ottoz went on. "They frequently do sneaky things to put on a bigger, better meet. Before I left for California I was asked by promoters in three Italian towns with meets scheduled this summer to invite top American athletes to these events. They told me I should offer the athletes money, if that would help to get them to Italy. To me, this is disgusting and embarrassing."

MAN YOUR CARTS

Department of Things That Didn't Have to Come but Did: the newly organized U.S. Golf Cart Racing Association will stage its first Golf Cart Grand Prix on July 4 not down the fairways and through the rough but at Daytona International Speedway. Purses will total \$17. Well, it's a beginning.

SIEB

If you have an alcohol problem, be thankful you are not a snail. W.E. Althaus of Memphis was plagued with snails—or slugs—that came out of hiding at night and ate all the vegetation they could find. Althaus had read somewhere that beer would kill snails. So he took a can from a six-pack, poured the amber fluid into a shallow pan and set it out in his yard. The next morning he was astounded to discover almost 500 dead snails in the pan. Althaus says he does not know whether the beer poisons the snails or they get drunk and drown. But it gets them.

THEY SAID IT

- Jim Fregosi, California Angels shortstop, asked what he intended to call the restaurant he and three partners will open shortly in Anaheim: "Obviously it would be best to give it a name that is in tune with these times. Right now we are kicking around the idea of calling it 'Marmads Four'."
- Luke Walker, seldom-used Pittsburgh Pirates pitcher, sending word to his mother in De Kalb, Texas: "Tell her that I'm alive and well and not pitching in Pittsburgh."
- Robin Roberts, former Philadelphia Phillies pitcher, after shooting 45-33 on a par 35-35 golf course at Huntington Valley Country Club in Abingdon, Pa.: "That's what I like about the game of golf. If this had been baseball, I would have been sent to the showers after the front name."

END

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first...the rest
nowhere"*



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THE WAY TO SAN JOSE

It was a tough, uphill haul, but John Carlos and his light-footed Bandits stepped on the gas and—with a shot of octane from Marty Liquori—overtook Kansas to win the collegiate track and field championship **by SKIP MYLENSKI**

It was the fourth lap of the three-mile run, the final turn, and Jim Ryan, drained by the 90° heat, dizzy, his eyes not focusing, stepped off the track—and out of the race. At the far end of the field Lee Evans, the captain of the San Jose State track team that was overtaking Kansas in the fight for the NCAA title, couldn't see what had happened, and he waited for Ryan to reappear from behind the judges' stand.

"Where is he, man?" Evans screamed. "Where is he?"

"Ryan's out," someone yelled. "Ryan's out."

Evans smiled and pointed to the scoreboard, which showed Kansas with 45 points and San Jose with 30—but 18 additional points San Jose had won were unposted. "We got it, man," Evans yelled. "We messed up, and they tried to mess on us, and we still got the title."

Ryan was sitting alone now in a tent by the track. John Carlos—who had won the 100 and, after taking two painkillers to ease muscle spasms, came back to win the 220 and anchor San Jose's victorious 440-relay team—walked into the tent and shook Ryan's hand.

"Take it easy, man," Carlos said. "You showed me a lot out there today. I ran enough races. I know how it feels."

Ryan tried to smile.

"Was it the heat?" an official asked.

"It was the heat and the humidity," Carlos answered for Ryan. "Man, there was nothing else he could do out there. It took something for him to go out there and try to run two races."

"John impressed me by what he did,"

Ryan said later.

"Sure, I went to see him," Carlos said, a bit amazed that anyone would doubt this side of John Carlos. "Look, man, I'm not prejudiced against Jim Ryan or anybody else. The man showed me something out there. Just going out for the three-mile, after the mile he ran, that showed me."

In a meet as unpredictable as that held in Knoxville last weekend it was only appropriate that San Jose, a team of mavericks, should win. A world record was set in the 440, as many expected, but not by Evans or Villanova's Larry James. Curtis Mills, a sophomore journalism major at Texas A&M, snuck by Evans 50 yards from the finish, surprising Evans, the fans and himself with a 44.7.

"All I was really trying to do," Mills admitted, "was become an All-America. I was only trying to finish fourth [enough to qualify him]. See, we got this plaque up at school where they put names of guys who make All-America. I wanted mine up there with Randy Matson's."

Both Evans and James were certain Tommie Smith's record of 44.8 would be broken but, just as certainly, not by Curtis Mills. "All season long I trained to meet Larry James," Evans had said. "People are telling me about these other dudes but James is the only other one in the race."

"Lee is all who counts in this race," James had said. "I don't have to worry about anyone else."

"I think maybe they were worried

only about themselves," reflected Mills after his win. "I don't believe they even thought of me."

In the race Mills stayed comfortably in third, behind Evans and James, until they turned down the final straight. First Mills passed James, who had run an extraordinary 21-flat first 220, then Evans, who still was thinking of no one but James. "I knew I was ahead of Larry," Evans said, "and I was just concentrating on keeping my form together until the finish. When Mills went by me, well, I started flailing all over. I didn't have time to pull myself back together."

"I don't care if someone does better tonight," Mills said. "For now the record's mine. It's beautiful." He was then asked how, as a budding journalist, he would have written up the race. "I'd say I was scared when I started," he said, "but it was a heck of a finish."

Mills wasn't the only one overlooked. Villanova's Erv Hall, just slightly better known, tied the world record for the 120-yard high hurdles (13.2) in a qualifying heat. Brigham Young's Ralph Mann tied an American record in the 440-yard intermediate hurdles (49.6), only to be ignored by television and reporters and a little autograph hunter, who asked Mann if he could please get Pole Vaulter Bob Seagren over so Seagren could sign a program. Frank Shorter of Yale won the first six-mile he had ever run and

continued

A laboring Jim Ryan is badly beaten by Marty Liquori in a 3:57.7 mile and, after dropping out of the three-mile, is coaxed by John Carlos





later came in second in the three-mile. Dick Fosbury made a comeback, winning the high jump at 7' 2½", and in the final race of the three-day meet, while everyone wondered where Jim Ryun had gone, UCLA set an American record in the mile relay (3:03.4).

But the meet's character came from the battle for the team championship. All week long people talked of Kansas and San Jose, but mostly of San Jose and its corps of sprinters—John Carlos and Ronnie Ray Smith and Kirk Clayton and Sam Davis and Lee Evans. They walked everywhere together, Carlos leading the pack, James Brown playing from the tape recorder over his shoulder, the others stutter-stepping, cool-jerking, and they were soon dubbed the Bandits. "Look at it this way," Carlos said. "Everyone wanted a shot at Jesse James. He was the fastest and the baddest, and they came from all over to try and get him. We're the fastest, so they come from all over to try and get us."

Through Thursday and Friday it looked like Kansas would finally gun Jesse James down. While San Jose had a series of chokes and mishaps, Kansas could do no wrong. Stan Whitley, its long jumper, took a second with the best jump of his life (26' 7½"). Marion Anderson, San Jose's long jumper, failed to win a point. Steve Wilhelm, Kansas' No. 2 shotputter, finished second to teammate Karl Salb, with his best toss ever (63' 6½"). San Jose Shotputter Richard Marks failed to qualify for the finals. George Byers, Kansas' hurdler, finished fourth, equaling his best time (13.6). San Jose's George Carty was a nonscoring seventh. "I can't believe it," Evans said. "We're getting messed over."

There had been little maneuvering by either Kansas Coach Bob Timmons or San Jose's Bud Winter. Winter's only gamble was entering Clayton and Smith in individual races and risking recurrences of leg pulls that had hampered them both all year. Winter won. Timmons' only gamble was entering Ryun in the three-mile, hoping there would be no qualifying heat. Timmons lucked out. There wasn't.

Going into the final day Kansas had a 14-point lead over San Jose, and Salb and Wilhelm were already planning how they would throw Timmons in a swimming pool as a combination birthday (he was 45 on Friday) and victory present. Kansas had worked as a team all year, and now, after winning the NCAA indoor title, it was ready for what Timmons called "the true championship." "We have a lot to gain by winning this meet," Hurdler Byers explained. "We've always been in the background. People disregard us. They look at our indoor win as a fluke, earned only because some teams weren't there. We don't get invited to many big meets, and the ones we have gone to, well, people would always say it was because of Jim Ryun. I have nothing against Ryun. I like him. But now we're coming up as a team and people are going to start knowing us as one. It's my fourth year with Jim and it's time I did something on my own, not because of him."

San Jose, on the other hand, was struggling. Blessed with great individual talent, it worked only loosely as a unit. Evans tried to hold it together. "I'll tell you," he said, "to be captain of an NCAA championship team would mean as much to me as the gold medal I won in the Olympics." Still, there were those who doubted San Jose could win. "They're a bunch of prima donnas," said one. "Everyone on the team has to be the center of attraction, in the limelight. They're all good enough to make it by themselves. And they know it. The law of individual differences applies to that team more than any other."

Yet each at San Jose worked in his own manner. Ronnie Ray Smith, an Olympic gold medalist in the 4 X 100 meter relay, exercised in his room after he got up and before he went to bed, stretching and strengthening his hamstring. George Carty, the hurdler, worked twice a day on form. Even Carlos, whom many regarded as the archetype of San Jose's individuality, worried about the NCAA title, and Friday morning he got up early and woke everyone, making sure they were down for breakfast and ready for a team meeting.

Until the mile run Saturday afternoon, it seemed the way to San Jose would be a long, sad one. Then Villanova's Marty Liquori beat Jim Ryun, and suddenly Kansas didn't seem invincible. The race was tailored for Ryun. Both he and

Liquori went through the three-quarters in a so-so 3:03.3. As they headed down the backstretch everyone, including Liquori, wanted for Ryun to explode. "I kept saying to myself," Liquori said, "come by, will you, dammit, so I can see what I have in me. Every time he challenged, though, I held him off."

They went down the backstretch, Ryun on Liquori's right elbow, his head bobbing, his face constricted, and both started thinking of the national indoors in Detroit, when they had run like this for two laps, Ryun winning as the tape. Again they came off the turn together. But this time, when Ryun challenged, Liquori held him off, suddenly realizing that he could win. With 50 yards to go, he peeked over his shoulder and Ryun was still there, 20 yards later he looked again. "All of a sudden there was daylight," Liquori said later. "I couldn't believe it." He turned back, made two tight fists, shook them and moved toward the tape. "For a minute I was so surprised," he said, "I thought I'd never make it to the line."

With Evans' second in the 440, Carlos' victory in the 220 and the win in the 440 relay, the San Jose Spartans were ahead, and only Kansas with Jim Ryun in the three-mile, could beat them. "He won't even place," one coach said. Liquori smiled when he heard that. "He's got to be mad," he said. "Watch him come back."

But he didn't. If for only a day, Jim Ryun was mortal, at the mercy of the elements, hurt by the strategy, bothered even by doubts in his own mind. However, Timmons didn't really intend to double Ryun, Kansas was supposed to have clinched the title before the three-mile. Ryun, fearing the worst, hoped at dinner on Friday night it would all work that way. No one blamed him for the failures, least of all Timmons, who, for 2½ days, thought the title was his. "Maybe the kids tried too hard," he said. "And I'm afraid we counted on Jim too much."

Winter, with his first title in 25 years of coaching, refused to accept congratulations until the results were official. "It has to be a miracle," he said finally. "At least a minor miracle. I didn't believe it could happen." As he talked, his Bandits signed autographs, flared and moved out to celebrate, inviting Liquori to join them in their victory lap (he declined). The shot that might have killed Jesse James had missed. **END**

Three of the finest performances at Knoxville were achieved by Dick Fosbury, who flopped 7' 2½" to win the high jump; Karl Salb, who won the shotput with a heave of 64' 8"; and Curtile Mills, who set a world record (44.7) in the 440

LEO'S BUMS RAP FOR THE CUBS

Chicago's genteel old North Side has a pennant contender after 10 these many years, egged on by a raucous bleacher section and—Mr. Wrigley should chew on another cud—the irrepressible Durocher by **ROBERT H. BOYLE**

When Lou Brock of the St. Louis Cardinals trots out to his position in left in Wrigley Field at about 1:40 p.m. this Friday, oh, is he going to get it! In May, Brock predicted that the Cards would be in first place the next time they played in Chicago, and a raucous delegation of Cub fans, about 200 strong and formally known as the Left Field Bleacher Bums, are all set to give Brock the razz. What the Bleacher Bums will do is tantamount to a state secret, but the Bums know how to work over a visiting player.

Tommy Agee of the Mets has called the Bums the "harshes!" fans he ever has encountered, and Pete Rose of the Reds, whom the Bums absolutely detest since he spiked Ernie Banks two years ago, was positively distraught at the reception he got in one game. The

Bums do not take it easy on Rose. When the Reds played in Wrigley Field a few weeks back the Bums greeted Pete by clapping and chanting, "Rose is a fairy, Rose is a fairy."

Jesus Alou of the Astros is another preferred target. When he recently came out to left field, there were cries of "Hey, Carlos! Rico! Roberto! Felipe! Manny! Maaty! Chico!" The volley of Latin names thundered down in such volume that Alou turned and glared up at the bleachers with eyes of menace. For about a second there was silence, and then Foghorn Ralph, one of the Bums, bellowed down, "Don't even know your own name, ya dum dum!"

To anyone accustomed to what used to be known around Chicago as "the friendly confines of Wrigley Field," the screams of the Bleacher Bums and the

winning ways of the Cubs must come as a shock. For years the Cubs and Wrigley Field symbolized Chicago's aspirations to respectability. In a city with more than its share of gangsters, ward-heeling politicians and numbers runners, the Cubs appeared as so many bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church and Wrigley Field was Chicago's answer to the Boston Athenaeum. One could lay claim to gentility by rooting for the Cubs. There was a certain air of snobbishness even about going to Wrigley Field. The Mob might dump a dozen bodies in the Chicago River, the cops could shake down motorists on the Outer Drive and the stank from the stockyards could corrode any sinus in town, but all was right in Chicagoland as long as the Cubs played daylight ball in rosy Wrigley Field and took yet another pasting.

Getting a rise out of the fans and the bullpen, Pitcher Dick Salvo descends to earth after leading the bleachers in a big cheer for the team.



They knew how to lose nobly, like Adlai Stevenson.

But Wrigley Field has changed. The Bleacher Bums and fans yell and scream. The Cubs look like a winner. They bunt, they take the extra base, they hit home runs. Their manager is Leo (the Lip) Durocher, who a dozen years ago was considered too rambunctious for the job by Phil Wrigley, the Cub owner. The Cubs have a truly exciting team. Suddenly a number of younger players—Don Kessinger, a brilliant shortstop, Second Baseman Glenn Beckert, Catcher Randy Hundley, Pitcher Ken Holtzman—are coming into their own, and the old standbys—Ernie Banks, Ron Santo (see cover) and Billy Williams—are on their way to knocking in 100 runs apiece. The bullpen of Ted Abernathy, Phil Regan and Hank Aguirre is among the best in baseball. Spurred on by Durocher and buoyed by the Bums, the Cubs are doing a job.

"This is the finest piece of baseball machinery I've ever seen," says Gene Oliver, the second-string catcher who has played in both leagues for 10 years. "It's a fantastic, synchronized mechanism." Although the Cubs' lead over the Mets early this week was down to five games, they were still 10½ ahead of the Cards, preseason favorites. Holtzman says, "Everywhere you go people say, 'Hey, what's happened to the Cards?' We're what's happened to the Cardinals."

No one knows better than Durocher how a team can blow a pennant. He managed the Dodgers when they blew a 10½-game lead to the Cardinals in 1942, and in 1951 he led the Giants to victory from 13½ games back of the Dodgers. Despite last week's losses, the Cubs may be more like the '51 Giants. They do not give up, though they may lose a few. With the Cubs leading 10-1 in a recent game against the Reds, Kessinger almost slid into the Cub dugout on his head trying to stop an overthrow at third. "You never know which run is going to be the big one," Kessinger said after the trainer anointed his bruises. In that same game Beckert broke his thumb tagging out a runner. When the Cubs heard the news later in the clubhouse they were down only for a moment. "There's no reason in the world why we shouldn't win," said Santo. "We're too good a ball club."



Bleacher Bums, growing louder with each success, proclaim their love in sign language

Inasmuch as almost a generation has passed since the Cubs won their last pennant in 1945, it is no wonder that the Bleacher Bums, who began in the pre-Leo days but have been coming on strong in each of the last three years, have to start lining up at 6 in the morning to get into a game. So far there has been one conspicuous absentee, Phil Wrigley, a shy, somewhat eccentric and very decent man. There were headlines this year when Wrigley was reported seen in the family box, but it turned out to be his cousin Byron. Always apprehensive about appearing in public—"The only thing I don't like about baseball is the publicity that goes with it," Wrigley says—he stopped sitting in the family box years ago because he did not like any fuss made over him. For a number of years he used to roam the grandstand anonymously in the late innings,

but he says he has not been to a game at Wrigley Field in three years. "I just get so nervous, and I've gotten to be a pretty old man, you know," he says. "You get pretty good coverage on television." Wrigley is now 74 but he looks fit, and during the week he is to be found behind his desk in his office on the 16th floor of the Wrigley Building. He is still active as chairman of the board of the Wrigley chewing gum company, and as he works away in the afternoons he keeps an eye peeled at the game on a TV set built into the wall opposite his desk. When the Cubs come to bat in the seventh, he stands up and so does anyone else in his office. At his estate at Lake Geneva on weekends, where he has been busy digging 5,000 postholes, he and Mrs. Wrigley watch the game on TV together and stand up for the seventh-inning stretch. When the Cubs win,

continued

A hard hat—there are plenty in the tumultuous stands—trumpets his regard for the Cubs





Kevin Costner of *Expo* is made painfully aware of a rough tag at plate by Randy Hurdley.

BUMS RAP continued

Wrigley pours himself a highball. Should they lose, he suffers "quietly, in my insides." Asked if he would attend the World Series should the Cubs win the pennant, he said "No."

The only time Wrigley goes to Wrigley Field is when the team is away. All the club profits are going into redoing the upper deck. He has plans for elevators and escalators and, even, for lights. The lights, however, will not be used for night ball. "That's so we won't have a game called on account of darkness," he explains.

With Wrigley the fans come first. He could sell out many games far ahead of time, but he purposely holds back 22,000 seats for sale the day of each game so fans will not feel shut out. It has always been Wrigley's practice to answer his own office phone, and even in years of the most bitter frustration he heard out every fan patiently.

On occasion he is amused. "The last interesting call I had this year was from a guy who obviously called up from a bar," Wrigley says with a flicker of a smile. "I was watching the game on tele-

vision and this guy said to me, 'You get hold of Durocher and get that pitcher out of there.' Just as I hung up I saw Durocher coming to take the pitcher out, and all I could imagine to myself was that guy in the bar saying, 'Boy, did I get fast action!'"

The current success of the Cubs dates back to the arrival of Durocher in 1966. For 19 straight years the Cubs had finished in the second division. In 1961 Wrigley was so frustrated and desperate that he abolished the job of manager and installed an unorthodox system of rotating head coaches. The coaching system did force-feed some young talent up to the Cubs, but the team went nowhere and the head coaches went nuts.

The experiment ended after the 1965 season when Wrigley called in John Holland, the Cub vice-president who functions as general manager. Wrigley says, "John Holland and I sat down and tried to analyze the team. We had good players but they were playing individually. We had to get a manager tough enough to lick these guys into a team. He mentioned Leo Durocher and I said, 'See if

you can get him.' Leo came to us for less than he was making on the outside. He thought it was a challenge."

Previously Wrigley had not cared for Durocher. Once when there were reports in the late 1950s that the Cubs were going to hire him, Wrigley exclaimed, "No, no! Wouldn't have him as a gift!" ("Did Mr. Wrigley say that?" asks John Holland. "Gee, he never said that to me.") Questioned about this now, Wrigley says that Durocher was "never particularly my type of manager," but "Leo's improved tremendously because he's mellowed with age, as we all have. He's mellow enough now. I don't want him to get too nice!"

Given the challenge of the Cubs, Durocher set to work. He finished 10th in 1966, but as Holland says, "It's probably a good thing we did. Leo told the players he meant business, to forget the 'we'll get 'em tomorrow' haloney. You get 'em today or you don't stay. But Leo never gets on anyone unless they don't hustle." In 1967 the Cubs moved to third place and stayed there in '68.

When it comes to putting a team together, Durocher is much like a gin rummy player seeking a winning hand. He discards, he draws, he improves, he takes every little advantage for a meld.

"If I can get a player who's this much better than this player," says Durocher, holding his fingers an inch apart, "I take him. I like a guy who can play more than one position. Beckert can play second base or shortstop. Nate Oliver can play short, first or second. You're looking for maneuverability and fine defense and four or five guys who can run. The players make the manager."

"I remember 1954, when the Giants beat Cleveland four straight in the Series. There were all these stories, 'Durocher a genius.' Genius my foot. If you don't have the players, you don't win. It's simple for me to say hit-and-run but I better have the right hitter at the plate. Now all of a sudden this club is pretty good. Those players in the other room did it and I don't think they're getting anywhere near the credit they deserve."

Durocher has not been infallible. In 1968 the Cubs traded Abernathy, but this winter they were fortunate to get "Dear Abby" back again. Then Durocher intimated that Ernie Banks was near the end of his long career. But Banks, "Mr. Cub" to the fans—a term that ir-

ritated Durocher, kept coming back despite all the John Boccabellias who were put at first. Of course, Banks is an unusual case. Now 38, he has the body of a 25-year-old, and there are many persons who cannot believe him. One insider who has been around the Cubs for years says,

Banks is the St. Francis of Assisi of baseball. He never brags and he never complains when he's thrown at. I used to think he was giving everyone the most fantastic put-on, but I've seen him in good years and had years and this is the way he is. He is for real."

Banks and Santo, who is the team captain, give the Cubs solid anchorage. In the words of Gene Oliver, Santo is "the team leader. I used to hear that he was a red-neck, that he'd break bats, but this guy here is the greatest, and I've played with the Boyers and Aaron and Groat. He's the man, he's the finest leader I've seen."

This season the Cub infield is probably the best in baseball, both hitting and fielding. Walter Alston, in fact, says that the infield, including Hundley, should make the All-Star team. When a Chicago paper recently ran a color photograph of what was captioned as the Cubs' Million-Dollar Infield, Becker showed it to Kessinger and was heard to say, pointing to Banks and Santo, "There's \$990,000."

This may have been a bit of tactful modesty, for Kessinger and Becker give the Cubs great strength up the middle. Kessinger may well be the best shortstop in the majors, and it is mostly due to his own drive. When Durocher first saw him he was not impressed. But Kessinger is the sort of player who pushes himself to become better and better and better. There is a belief in baseball that a player sets his level after two or three years in the majors. Not so with Kessinger. A lean, round-shouldered boy from Forrest City, Ark., where his father was a grocer, he played baseball at Ole Miss. The Cubs signed him, and although he moved up to Chicago quickly, he was a weak hitter. But Kessinger learned how to switch-hit and he has continued to improve, and now at 26 he is hitting close to .300. By the time he is 36, he may lead the league with .350.

This season he set a record for major league shortstops by fielding in 34 games without an error. Durocher says, "He's as good as I'd want, and I would never want any better."

continued



Don Kessinger has time to spare as Cincinnati's Bob Tolson belly flops into his glove



Hard-sliding Don Young, rookie centerfielder, was brought up to bolster team defense

Beckert is cast in a similar mold. As a kid in Pittsburgh, he says, "You were brought up on the idea of winning." Under-sized in high school, he went to Allegheny College, where he majored in political science and played short. He was signed by the Red Sox upon graduation, but the Cubs got him when the Red Sox had to choose between him and another shortstop, Rico Petrocelli. When Kenny Hubbs, a fine second baseman for Chicago, was killed in a private plane crash in early 1964, Beckert was rushed to a winter instructional league and taught how to make the pivot. In his first year he hit .239. Since then he has never hit less than .280 and last season he was the club leader with .294.

"When Leo came here," Beckert says, "he visualized what the club would look like three years ahead. You have to give him credit for that. In '65, my first year, it seemed that you had to hit the home run. But the big thing about Leo that I remember is that he told me I'm going to make just as much money if I don't hit home runs. He said, 'Move the runner for me. Get yourself on base before our big fellows, Santo, Banks and Williams, come up.' He said, 'I'll look after you,' and he has."

According to Pete Reiser, the oldtime Dodger hero and now a Cub coach, Beckert gives up 20 to 30 points in his batting average just to move runners along, but Durocher, informed of this, snorts. "Thirty to 50 points. Beckert, he's a double pro. Pretty hard to give anyone more of a compliment than that."

At the plate Beckert almost always manages to get a piece of the ball. For the last three years he has been the toughest hitter to strike out in the National League. In 1966 he struck out only 20 times in 643 official at bats. He was also the best-fielding second baseman in the league and he played in 155 games, a record he will not match this year because of his fractured thumb. Beckert should be back by next week.

If there is a weak spot on the Cubs, at least on paper, it is the outfield. Billy Williams is well established in left, but the centerfielder, Don Young, hit only .242 last year for Lodi in the Class A California League. Defensively he is excellent. Young is long-legged ("split high" is the expression) and he goes after a ball in what seems an effortless glide. Holland says, "He never looks like he's

running hard, but he's there to get the ball." The other outfielders—Al Spangler, Jim Hickman and Willie Smith—have done a creditable job. Durocher has not hesitated to pinch-hit for any of them when the time was right. Durocher wants every run he can get. "Banks, Santo and Williams used to carry this club," says Holland. "When they didn't hit, we didn't score runs. But that's not true this year. The opposing clubs can't pitch around them."

It is pitching, though, that until the last two weeks has been a major strength of the Cubs. There is the superb bullpen and some very fine starters. Ferguson Jenkins, who has won 20 the last two years, should win 20 this year and



Reding Wrigley watches Cubs on office TV

Holtzman should win 20 for the first time. Holtzman's only difficulty is that he cannot stand prosperity. In one seven-game stretch the Cubs got him 69 runs, but he was knocked from the mound in three of those games with leads of six, five and nine runs. He apparently gets complacent when way out in front and he simply cannot get back his good stuff when he needs it. By contrast, give Holtzman only a run or two and, odds are, he'll make it stand up for nine innings. Bill Hands is a capable third starter, Rich Nye has been a disappointment, but Dick Selma, strangely not protected by the Mets last season after a nine and 10 record and a 2.75 earned run average, has been of great help.

Even when Selma is not pitching, he works. He is the bullpen cheerleader for the Left Field Bleacher Bums. At the

start of every game Selma stands, raises his right arm and sprays it upward as the Bums begin a rising chorus of "Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" Selma suddenly swings his arm down, the rear stops and the Bums sing, "Every time I go to town, the boys all kick my dog around. Makes no difference if he is a hound, you better stop kicking my dog around."

From then on, the clamor never lets up. Santo, whose company makes Pro Pizzas that are sold in the ball park, is greeted with cries of "Pizza Power!" Banks gets a roar of welcome. "He could be elected governor," says one of the Bums. A Confederate flag goes up for Hundley. If Jenkins sits in the bullpen, the Bums will start chanting, "Fergie, Fergie, Fergie." At the end of the inning Jenkins will run to the dugout as if to escape, whereupon the Bums will start chanting, "Leo, Leo, Leo." Durocher will send Jenkins back to the bullpen and when he arrives, the Bums shout, "Fergie!"

There are songs to fit all occasions. *Give Me That Old Time Durocher* is a favorite, and there is even one for the Cardinal announcer, *Harry Caray, Quite Contrary, How Does Your Ego Grow?*

The dedication of the Bums is such that they throw back any homer an opposing player hits into the bleachers. Should a Cub homer, the Bums throw their cups of beer into the air. They want to see the Cubs pour it on. If the Cubs have 12 runs, the Bums clamor for 13. If the Cubs have 13, the Bums roar for 14. By the eighth inning Wrigley Field is reverberating with noise as fans in the rest of the park stand up and slam their seats in cadence to the chants of the Bums. The din is so overwhelming that the opposing players in the field are at a disadvantage; they cannot hear the crack of the bat.

"These Bums are tremendous," says Selma. "It's something to be in a crucial situation and hear 25,000 people behind you. It gives you a strength you never knew you had." Gene Oliver says, "It starts a flow of adrenalin to you," and Santo adds, "They get everyone going." Once in a while carcalls from the bleachers backfire. The Bums got on Willie Davis of the Dodgers one day, and he got so fired up he hit two tremendous homers. The Bums were told, "Don't wake up Davis. Let him sleep."

The word is easy to pass among the

Literary Leo Durocher leading division is
still tense after week of one-run losses

Bums. They have a president, Ron Grousl, 24, a part-time bartender who began hanging out in the bleachers seven years ago. He wears a yellow hard hat with his name on it. Other regulars include Mike Haley, vice-president, Lou Blatz, 71, secretary (he pitched in what is now Wrigley Field in 1916 for the Chicago Whales in the Federal League), Doris Herbon, treasurer, and Bud Kowala, traveling secretary, who plans jaunts to spring training in Scottsdale or trips to Cincinnati and St. Louis. (Last year 17 of the Bums stayed in one room at St. Louis' Chase-Park Plaza Hotel in a scene reminiscent of the Marx Brothers.)

The Bums, and other bleacher regulars, come from all walks of life. Some are schoolteachers who think nothing of playing hooky, and there is even an affluent gent with the grand old name of Samuel Insull III. Young Sam wears cut-down shorts, sneakers, a hat and tennis shirt. He speaks with an Ivy League accent and toddles about the bleachers with a beer. On occasion he is accompanied by his friendly, hovering stockbroker, L. F. (Pete) Kelley of Walston & Company, who says, "That Sam, he's the greatest."

After a game at home the Bums repair to Ray's Bleachers, a bar at Waveland and Sheffield directly across the street from the entrance to the bleachers. The jukebox rocks but shouts from the Bums drown out the blare. Some of the Cubs may drop by to say hello and when they do the bar goes wild.

No one is more elated about the Bleacher Bums than Durocher. "These are some kind of fans!" he exclaims. "They're absolutely frantic with joy and happiness. They are in seventh heaven and you can't blame them. Their screaming and antics are marvelous and just bring the club on. They have exuberance in their hearts. And this is the attitude of the players. They smell the roses, they smell the money. They have an attitude of desire and determination. They feel they can go out and beat anybody. What we are trying to do in this clubhouse is to win a pennant for Mr. Wrigley, for the fans and for the city of Chicago. Win a pennant, that's what we're striving for. It's been a very long time in coming."

END



QUITTING IS THE NAME OF ANY GAME

Remember when every red-blooded American was a Merriwell and swore that a quitter never wins—and a winner never quits? Now, quitting is the thing, and it's even catching on at home **by FRANK DEFORD**

As all the speakers at athletic banquets tell us, the great athletes set a standard of conduct for the rest of us to follow. This path has always been a difficult one, but lately it has become more so. Now we have to learn how to quit.

The quitting thing has been coming on slowly for some time. Wilt Chamberlain has, of course, regularly quit at contract time, and Gump Worsley quits at airports. Rudy La Russo quit to go into stocks and bonds, Tom Mesehery quit to go into the Peace Corps, Timmy Brown quit to go into show biz, but they all unquit when they were traded

to new teams. Bobby Hull quit for awhile, and Mickey Mantle quit after they sold a few more season tickets.

Now suddenly quitting has really become the rage. Donn Clendenon quit, and then Rusty Staub said he would quit if Donn Clendenon's quitting affected him. Ken Harrelson quit because he was traded, and Maury Wills quit because he wasn't. Even Jose Arcue quit. Bill Russell was rumored to be quitting a couple of weeks ago, and Jerry Lucas is supposed to be about to make his announcement. At this point there are only two formalities for quitting: 1) calling a press conference, and 2) crying. Joe Namath, of course, probably did it best. Everyone is learning how to get the most out of quitting.

In fact, right after Harrelson quit, I told Clarissa, my wife, to get dressed because we were going to the Mundys for drinks. My wife said, "I won't go."

"What do you mean?" I said. "I accepted the invitation for you. The husband has this right, and you are bound to go to cocktails with me."

"I have nothing against the Mundys," Clarissa explained. "Their hors d'oeuvres are always good, their stereo is excellent and the drinks are strong. I have nothing against the Mundys at all, but I have a good thing here. I have some frozen banana daquiris on ice, an air-conditioned room with a chaise longue and I have a good dirty book to read

What do I need with the Mundys?"

"I appreciate that the Mundys' party will upset your arrangements," I said with compassion, "but, as is my right, I have accepted their invitation. Also, because I did, the Mundys then went and invited the Reeses. If you don't come, the Reeses will have to go a great distance just to see the Mundys."

"The last thing I want to do is to inconvenience the Mundys or the Reeses," Clarissa replied. "But I must do what is best for me in the long run."

"All right," I said, "I'm sorry, but I must order you to go. I never thought it would come to this, but I must call your attention to the marriage contract which stipulates etc., etc. and obey. Now, Clarissa, put on your new uniform. I mean your new dress—and let's go."

"No, I won't go," my wife said firmly. "I am afraid that I will have to quit."

"Quit?" I cried. But it was too late. She was already out the door and had told the paper boy to round up the neighbors. A tense crowd quickly gathered.

"I want to make it plain," Clarissa began, "that my quitting marriage should cast no aspersions on the Mundys. I hope, in fact, to visit the Mundys sometime in the future. It is just that now, at this time, it is not good for my situation to visit the Mundys."

"Does this mean that you are through with marriage for good?" asked Roger Hooker, our next-door neighbor.

"I am afraid so," my wife said. "As much as I regret it, I don't see any other way, since principle is involved. This will, of course, mean a great sacrifice to me. I may have to go to work."

Clarissa began to sob softly at this point as Dutch Bailiere, from two houses down, approached with his new Polaroid, and Jack Winter, from across the street, began to roll the Super-8.

At last, desperate, I brought in my mother-in-law, the former Doreen Wrath of suburban Missoula, Mont. We huddled, and the situation was not improving until my mother-in-law wondered if the guarantee of a new bedspread might expedite matters. Clarissa was unmoved by that proposal, but hinted (through her counsel, cagey Louise McAdams of the Bridge Club) that materialization of the long-promised new living room suite might loosen the logjam. I balked at



this, but a promise of one bedspread and one sofa seemed to satisfy all parties. Soon thereafter, at the Mundys, Clarissa was able to commandeer a coffee table long enough to apologize for the difficulty she had caused and to assure all assembled that she would not let what had happened in any way detract from the rest of her performance at the party. "I am back in the swing," she told a spokesman.

We hardly got home that night before the word was out that Maury Wills was quitting an \$85,000-a-year contract and that Majestic Prince was quitting the Belmont. The house was curiously quiet, and I found my 8-year-old son in a darkened living room, staring at a vase.

"What is it, Trevor?" I asked.

"I'm quitting, Dad," he said.

"You are sure?"

"Yes, I'm ending my career of watching television."

"Is this an irrevocable decision?"

"Yes, the way I feel now," he said, "although, in some future time slot I may change my channel."

"What's the matter, son?" I cried.

"Didn't we get you the color set you demanded?" I asked. "Didn't we get you the remote-control gadgets? Didn't we get you the Cablevision? Don't we spell out the words phonetically for you in the TV Guide so you can deal with written English? Didn't we agree to your demands to increase your viewing time from a minimum of 18 hours a day to 20? Didn't we put the Sony portable in the bathroom? Didn't we take you out of what you called the 'live-audience' school and let you major in the 6 a.m. Spanish lessons on Channel 79? And now, with the reruns coming on in legions, when we need all the help we can muster before the set, now you quit."

"It wasn't an easy decision," he said, "but I believe it is best for all concerned."

Later, in prime time that evening, Trevor spoke to the other youngsters from the neighborhood who had gathered at our door. "I don't want to let anybody down," he said, sobbing. "I'm still only 8, and I thought that I had a lot of good years of watching ahead of me, but overnight, my eyes seemed to go."

"Are you sure," asked little Walter Lippincott, "that you aren't getting out

now for a while, but will be back fresh later on in the season when all the big specials come on?"

"Getting out?" Trevor cried. "Why would I want to get out? This has been my whole life, watching television. I don't want to quit. What else can I do? I don't move about very well, I am losing my peripheral vision, and while I am still only 8 years old, I sound like the voice-over for the Eastern Airlines ads. Besides, although I speak beautiful Spanish, I am otherwise totally uneducated. *Sabe usted?*"

It was a moving scene, and 6-year-old Dede Whataker asked me for my views. "I know that Trevor has not been at his best lately," I began, draping an arm about my son's shaking shoulders. "Sure, he's been in a slump, but part of the trouble has been in the set, and you can't blame that on any one viewer. I'll take the blame for that. Me and the misuses have been burning the wires trying to get a repairman who can improve this set, but nobody is offering the kind of deal that can help this family. We're going right down to the shopping center to buy Trevor a new set."

"Do you think?" ponytailed Hope Carroll asked, "that if you were shifted to another set, Trevor, you would reconsider your quitting?"

"Absolutely not," Trevor quickly replied. "The rumors that I am just looking for a new set are totally unfounded. The set here is not going real good now, but the family has been good to me, and I just wouldn't want to go anywhere else."

Trevor roamed about that night, staring at the rotisserie and manipulating Venetian blinds, listening to the audio from our TV room. We could sense how hard it was for him to be on his own after all those years. I was not too surprised the next afternoon at the office when I picked up the phone and heard my child's authoritative baritone voice. (One had to recognize Trevor's voice, because he never identified himself at the beginning of a conversation, waiting—in the style of news commentators—until the end before giving his name.)

"After thinking over my decision and reconsidering all the implications about quitting," the resonant voice said, "I have decided, at this time, that it would

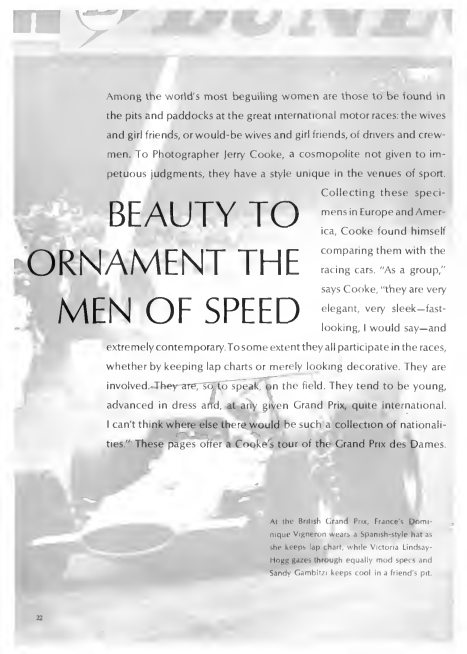


not be wise to quit. A 36-inch screen has been my dream. And the sequined dials are beyond belief. Therefore, I am asking to be reinstated, effective immediately. This is Trevor, home news, speaking direct from family central."

Although I was relieved that one more quitting had been reversed, I was sorry about the news that followed that Joe Namath had quit, too. The office was still buzzing over that later in the day when I was called in to see Mr. Tarpaulin, the boss. He informed me that I was spending too much time on coffee breaks and would have to cut it out, especially since it had also been noticed that I was ogling the new pool secretary, Miss Trimble.

I immediately agreed with Mr. Tarpaulin, but later, I rethought the matter and decided instead to call a press conference for the next morning around the water cooler. Crying unobtrusively, I filled in my position. "I have no personal bone to pick with Mr. Tarpaulin," I said. "He is certainly entitled to his opinion in this matter. I don't want to leave the Tarpaulin Grommet Company. Being involved with the production of grommets is something I have loved for many years. But, when it comes to a matter of principle, I am forced to quit."

Luckily, although it is sometimes whispered that you cannot compromise principle, we found a way out. What happened was, Mr. Tarpaulin got a good look at Miss Trimble, so he invited both of us to join him in his private office for all coffee breaks. And it was just great until Miss Trimble quit. **END**



Among the world's most beguiling women are those to be found in the pits and paddocks at the great international motor races: the wives and girl friends, or would-be wives and girl friends, of drivers and crewmen. To Photographer Jerry Cooke, a cosmopolite not given to impetuous judgments, they have a style unique in the venues of sport.

BEAUTY TO ORNAMENT THE MEN OF SPEED

Collecting these specimens in Europe and America, Cooke found himself comparing them with the racing cars. "As a group," says Cooke, "they are very elegant, very sleek—fast-looking, I would say—and

extremely contemporary. To some extent they all participate in the races, whether by keeping lap charts or merely looking decorative. They are involved. They are, so to speak, on the field. They tend to be young, advanced in dress and, at any given Grand Prix, quite international. I can't think where else there would be such a collection of nationalities." These pages offer a Cooke's tour of the Grand Prix des Dames.

At the British Grand Prix, France's Dominique Vigneron wears a Spanish-style hat as she keeps lap chart, while Victoria Lindsay-Hogg gazes through equally mod specs and Sandy Gambitzi keeps cool in a friend's pit.





At Sebring or Daytona in the U.S., a girl watcher may discover (counterclockwise, from left) Manenne Bonnier keeping lap charts for her Swedish driver-husband, Joakim, the pink-thinking Argentinean Driver Donna Mae Mims, who modestly wears an advertising decal over her navel, occasional racer Michael Dearfield viewing the big cars, and fans Dottie Ringler and Renate Bucklow







Continental 1000 trailing
 through the gamine cap of
 Finland's Rapa Iskanias, the
 mindress of France's Anne
 Ries and the flowing tresses
 of Italy's Eveline Bonvecchi



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Harrelson sees a hairstylist. Are you sure you want to bug him?

Harrelson: "I'm a pretty informed person as far as hair goes. I know why Phil Spector or Michael Jackson go to a hairstylist. Simple—says him. 'With my schedule I'm lucky to get into a barber shop more than every month and a half. With an ordinary haircut I'd look pretty shaggy. But with my hair styled it looks about as good after six weeks as it did when I left the stylist.' Part of the credit goes to Dep for Men Hairstyling Gel and Creme. They're what stylists use to give your hair the look you see here. And Dep for Men Hair Spray. One shot locks a style in place for a whole day. Still want to bug somebody? Try the guy who doesn't get his hair styled or use Dep for Men



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DRUGS IN SPORT: Part 2

Be it pick-me-ups or let-me-downs, build-me-ups or lie-me-downs, they can all be found in medicine's little black bag for sportsmen. It is into this bag—and into the dangerous world of drugs—that athletes plunge when they search for . . .

SOMETHING EXTRA ON THE BALL

by Bil Gilbert

"'Where's the Dexamy! Doc?' I yelled at the trainer rooting about in his leather valise," pitcher-author Jim Brosnan quoted himself as saying in his celebrated baseball book, *Peewee Reese*. "'There's nothing in here but phenobarbital and that kind of stuff.'

"'I don't have any more,' said Doc Rohde. 'Gave out the last one yesterday. Get more when we get home.'

"'Been a rough road trip, huh, Doc? How'm I goin' to get through the day then? Order some more, Doc. It looks like a long season.'

"'Try one of these,' he said.

"'Geez, that's got opium in it. Whaddya think I am, an addict or something?'

An addict or something? It isn't the worst question in the world, though the word addict has an opium, cocaine, speed, heroin whiff to it that is not normally associated with the pills and shots that an athlete uses to bolster his physical condition or morale in the name of victory, a payday, or both. The difference is that addicts, in the normal usage of the word, take drugs because their systems are dependent on them, while athletes take them for a more specific purpose. Their goal is performance, but their quest for performance has led them deep into the wonders of the pharmacy.

continued





What do you find if you dig into the medicine cabinet of sport? Who is taking what and why? The answer is that most athletes are taking something, and probably not getting quite the results they think.

Essentially, the drugs used by athletes can be broken down into two categories—restorative and additive. Restorative drugs are those used by athletes who for one reason or another—illness, injury, pain, nervousness, sloth, glutinous desolation—are incapacitated. The drugs are given with the intent to restore, at least partly, the competitor's normal prowess. Painkillers, tranquilizers, barbiturates, anti-inflammatories, enzymes and muscle relaxants are all restorative drugs commonly used in sports.

Additive drugs—a more controversial group—are used with the motive of stimulating performance beyond the natural limits, e.g., in the hope of making a man who has never run better than a four-minute mile cover the distance in 3:59 or even 3:55. For obvious reasons, additive drugs raise more legal, ethical and regulatory questions than do the restoratives. They are also physiologically controversial, since there is some scientific doubt as to whether there is such a thing as a *pure* additive drug. The athletic Establishment, however, is generally convinced that additive drugs do exist and, in this belief, uses compounds that stimulate the nervous system, affect muscle tissue and alter the personality.

Given the variety of drugs now available and the inclination of athletes to experiment with them, it is all but impossible to compile a definitive list of drugs that have been used in sports for restorative or additive purposes. Also, because of the speed with which drug information is passed among athletes, drug use cannot be neatly cataloged as to sport, e.g., alcohol for archery, Benzedrine for basketball, cocaine for crew, etc. Athletic pharmaceutical practices are, so to speak, interdisciplinary, and perhaps the only orderly way to survey athletic drug usage and the effects of drugs on sport is to examine half a dozen or so drug families now popular.

A reasonable place to begin is with the additives, the best-known of which are the amphetamines, a group of synthetic drugs that are chemically similar to adrenalin and are often referred to as pep pills. On good evidence—which

includes voluntary admissions by physicians, trainers, coaches, athletes, testimony given in court or before athletic regulatory bodies, and autopsy reports—amphetamines have been used in auto racing, basketball, baseball (at all levels down to children's leagues), boxing, canoeing, cycling, football, golf, mountain climbing, Roller Derby, rodeo, Rugby, skating, skiing, soccer, squash, swimming, tennis (both lawn and table), track and field, weight lifting and wrestling. The amphetamines of which Benzedrine, Dexedrine, Dexamyl (which has a barbiturate added) and methamphetamine (the notorious "speed" or "Meth") are among the best-known, affect the central nervous system and produce what might be called a triple threat. They act indirectly to suppress hunger spasm, and for this reason are used as appetite-killing pills by jockeys, hivers, wrestlers and anybody else who has to make a weight. The drug is a metabolic stimulant, speeding up the respiratory and circulatory systems and enabling users to remain hyperactive when they would ordinarily slow down because of fatigue. Finally, the amphetamines act directly on the brain, inducing a sense of excitement and euphoria, a sort of I-can-lick-the-world high.

But the undesirable side effects of amphetamines are numerous. The drug is feared to be physically addictive—there is some medical dispute about this—and is certainly psychologically addictive. Overdoses or too frequent doses can cause, among other things, cardiovascular collapse, cerebral hemorrhage, brain lesions, paranoia, ulcers, nutritional problems, compulsive talkativeness, irritability, aggressive behavior and constipation. In addition, an amphetamine hangover, coming down from a high, is a wretched, depressing experience.

Though amphetamines were developed earlier, their use first became general during World War II, world war being a happening that creates an instant demand for hyperactive, aggressive and even paranoid types. Returning veterans brought the drug to the sports world, where its use has been widespread ever since. As in the military, it was and is touted as a fatigue chaser and stimulant. Therefore it is most heavily used in endurance sports. Not surprisingly, bicycle racing, often cited as the most grueling of all athletic contests, is the

most notorious for amphetamine use.

"I dope myself. Everyone [that is, everyone who is a competitive cyclist] dopes himself. Those who claim they don't are liars," Jacques Anquetil, a five-time winner of the Tour de France and a French sports figure of the stature of a Jean-Claude Killy or a Michel Jary, has said. "I or 50 years bike racers have been taking stimulants. Obviously we can do without them in a race, but then we will pedal 15 miles an hour [instead of 25]. Since we are constantly asked to go faster and to make even greater efforts, we are obliged to take stimulants."

Anquetil's remark was made in the summer of 1967 in the midst of what to date has been sports' messiest public drug scandal. Anquetil himself was much involved, both as a commentator and competitor. In May 1966, after winning a race in Belgium by nearly five minutes, he forfeited his victory and his check rather than provide a urine sample, which was to be analyzed for amphetamines or other banned drugs. In September 1967 a world speed record set by Anquetil in Milan was disallowed for the same reason. In between these two incidents there were two cycling deaths attributed to amphetamines, a number of suspensions at the Amsterdam world championships and a slowdown strike by cyclists protesting the fact that they were being forced to compete without the aid of their accustomed drugs.

The furor did not arise because cyclists had suddenly begun using drugs but because drug practices were so abu-

—continued



TOM SIMPSON

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save that various European political and sporting agencies could no longer overlook them as they successfully had for years. In Italy, where drug usage was once estimated at almost 100%, the late Fausto Coppi, a professional champion, had remarked, "One day I will take the wrong pill and pedal backward." And Tom Simpson, the best English professional cyclist of his day, said in 1966 in defense of amphetamines, "When you get up in the morning do you need a cup of coffee to get started? Well, after cycling 150 miles the day before, we might need three or four coffees."

A year later, in the Tour de France, Simpson's "coffee" caught up with him. The 13th lap of the race was a brutal one, involving a 6,000-foot climb up a mountain in 90° heat. Simpson felt badly at the start, telling friends that he had been too "nervous" to sleep. A mile from the summit of the mountain he began zigzagging across the road and finally collapsed in a coma. He was dead on arrival at the nearest hospital. An autopsy showed that Simpson was heavily drugged with methamphetamine, a vial of which had been found in his pocket at the time of his death.

In 1965 Belgium and France passed tough anti-dope laws, but dangerous though the amphetamines are, there has been no letup in their use by athletes in the U.S. and not much abroad. Three weeks ago Belgian cyclist Eddy Merckx, who was leading the Tour of Italy, was disqualified from the race after a test showed he had taken an amphetamine-type drug. The underground consensus is that amphetamines have been tried in most endurance events, and there is enough evidence to make the rumor credible. Joseph Romhaux, a Belgian marathoner, was deprived of his national title in September 1968 after a positive amphetamine test, and long-distance runners—after vows of secrecy have been sworn—sometimes admit to being bogged down by benny men. Soccer players in England, Italy and Brazil have been tested and found to have used the drug or else admitted using it. Wayne Le Bonbard, an Olympic speed skater (as well as an Olympic cyclist) from West Allis, Wis., says, "The bennies are generally frowned on, but they're also pretty generally used. Not with a needle; I don't know of any skater who goes that far. But there are a lot of pills." A British physician, Dr.

John Williams, found that amphetamines were used by British cyclists, rowers, tennis and squash players (A three-time British squash racquet champion of the early '30s, Don Bletcher, was affectionately known as the Benzedrine Kid.)

Among major American sports, amphetamine usage may be highest in football, or again it may only be easier to verify in this sport. Among professional clubs, players, physicians and trainers of the Steelers, Chargers, Cardinals, Lions and Redskins have indicated that chemical pep is or has been used. At least one professional football team made the taking of pep pills part of its pregame routine. "It usually seems to be the older players and boys who think they need an extra lift to make it through a game that want them," says Joe Kuczo, the Redskin trainer. "I personally am not convinced that they do much good, but it's a mental thing with some of them. They've been used to the pills. In the quantities they get here, at least, I doubt if they do much harm."

"It's like beating a dead horse," says Porky Morgan, Kansas State University trainer, who confirms Kuczo's opinion about amphetamine use. "All they do is mask fatigue, they don't eliminate it."

One old boss who had his fatigue well masked this past season was a veteran pro linebacker and amphetamine user who does not wish to be identified for his accomplishments in the latter field. He recalls the game midway through the professional season when he took his usual pregame dose of hotted hap-

piness, then became preoccupied and took a second dose. "I was bouncing all over the field," he said later. "I was running and jumping along the sidelines hollering. I'm a superplayer, they can't block me. No one can block me." It was really funny, I knew I was saying it, but I just didn't care." Observers of the game reported that Mr. X's play was strong if not super.

"Sure I took them in college," says George Connor of Notre Dame and Chicago Bear fame. Connor is not more wicked merely more frank than most. "I understand after you take them for awhile they don't do anything for you. And if everybody is taking them, what do you gain?"

In some athletic quarters there is a feeling that more pep pills are used by high school players than any others, because teen-agers are more with the drug scene than their elders and because high school coaches and trainers are less well trained or less scrupulous. However, proof of such an assumption is very circumstantial. A high school basketball coach in Ohio was once fired for giving his players amphetamines. The lockers of the Anaheim and Downey, Calif. football teams were searched last fall for pep pills. A trainer at a Southern university says, "You cannot quote me, and I will not give you the name of the high school, but there is one in Alabama that definitely uses pep pills. I know that this is quite common because I have had freshman athletes come to me and ask for the pills to pick them up for a game."

While a lot of athletes do use amphetamines, there are some who think they have taken amphetamines but haven't. Instead they have received a placebo—a sugar pill, an aspirin or a vitamin, and been told it was a pep pill. The placebo play brings up a crucial question, with regard not only to the amphetamines but to many drugs. That is, do they have the expected physiological effect, or is the effect purely psychological? Do amphetamines make an athlete pedal, run, swim, skate, volley, tackle or throw faster, longer or harder than he otherwise could? Though many athletes have staked their reputations, health, and even their lives on the assumption that amphetamines are truly additive, the issue remains in some scientific doubt. There have been half a dozen studies aimed at determining the



GEORGE CONNOR

He says he took pep pills at Notre Dame.

continued

effect of amphetamines on athletes, yet there are no conclusive results.

But even if the answer is yes, that amphetamines do produce a measurable improvement in immediate performance, the drug may still be detrimental to overall performance. The basis for this judgment is that amphetamines cause, among other things, loss of sleep and appetite. They adversely affect an athlete's ability and willingness to train. Thus it is reasoned that the immediate stimulation—if it occurs—may be more than offset by detrimental long-term effects.

Bob Lundy, trainer for the Miami Dolphins, says, "Amphetamines can do much more harm than good. I've seen them [football players] in a daze when reporting for practice as late as Tuesday after Sunday's game. Others take them and lose their reactions without realizing it. They may know their assignments perfectly before the game. But when they get in there, they don't know what they're doing. So we don't use them."

Another trainer, one who declines to have his name used, says, "Some of the pros need almost a full week to get over getting pepped up for Sunday. Afterward, they must either have tranquilizers or whiskey to bring them down. So they move through a cycle: pepped up, drunk, hung over, depressed and then pepped up again."

It is probably fair to conclude that the majority of medical professionals do not believe amphetamines are beneficial to athletic performance. However, a large number of athletes do believe in pep pills. This is not to say that most athletes use amphetamines—or do not use them. That proposition is simply undocumented.

For at least the past decade amphetamine has been the stimulant of choice in sports. However, amphetamine is certainly not the only drug that has been used by athletes trying to beat fatigue. Among others that have been tried are strychnine, cocaine (the Incas who first used such drugs called them the "herbs which make one run"), ephedrine, caffeine and thyroxine, a relatively new entry derived from kat and, reportedly, also from the Korean Tree of Life. But the situation with all of these stimulants is similar to that of amphetamine, the most closely studied of the group. The additive properties for athletic performance remain unproved, the dangers have been

proved. The stimulants are medically risky because, like every drug, they are to some degree toxic. They are particularly dangerous for athletes because they artificially increase the strain on various physiologic systems, ones that are already under special stress because of exertion. The drugs also artificially prolong the period of stress by masking fatigue.

Not being keen, high or sharp enough is a fundamental condition that athletes have always tried to compensate for. But there is another absolutely opposite occupational problem that athletes and their handlers face: athletic competition acts like excessive heat on a tempered knife blade—the sharp cutting edge of the instrument is destroyed. The resultant choking up, pressing, nervous tension, call it what you will, is a common sporting ailment and one for which numerous drug cures are now being tried. Some of the names are common enough: Miltown, Nembutal, Equanil, Librium, some not so common: Tofranil, Traval.

One Sunday noon in Pittsburgh in the dressing room of the visiting Washington Redskins, Dr. George Resta paused in his work of injecting vitamin B-12 into the arms of football players to listen to a loud agonizing retching sound coming from the commode cubicle "Harris," said Resta annoyedly, like a man who has forgotten to turn off a light in the basement. "We forgot his tranquilizers." Rackie Harris, a defensive back, appeared shortly, looking drawn after having lost his carefully planned breakfast. Resta opened his bag and handed Harris a tranquilizer. After Harris had gone off to deal with his pregame miseries as best he could, Resta said, "There are a few like that. We give them something pretty mild, just to take the edge off. You don't want them so sleepy they get beat on passes."

The use of sedatives, barbiturates, tranquilizers and muscle relaxers (presumably to prevent cramps and tightness) is common in most sports from the college level up. However, unlike the situation with amphetamines, the practice is usually not secretive. Anytime sleeping pills, tranquilizers or relaxants are thought useful by a physician or trainer they are given, and no bones are made about it. One reason for this is that these are restorative drugs, and the never-set-forth ethic of sport medicine is hazier with respect to such compounds

than it is with an additive drug such as amphetamine. No one contends that the sedatives increase performance potential beyond normal limits. In fact, it is generally conceded that they have the opposite effect, that because they dull the senses a man under their influence probably does less well than he otherwise would if he were normally free of tension. Nevertheless, the ethical problem is there, as it is with all drugs. The inability of a .200 hitter to deal with pressure is as much a natural limitation for him as the inability of a cyclist to pedal faster than 20 mph. The hallplayer who takes tranquilizers—many do—and the cyclist who pops pep are both trying to get from a drug something that they do not think they naturally have.

Golf is a prime example of a sport in which the struggle against pressure is a major part of the contest. Tension is to golf what the oxygen debt is to a miler, muscle fatigue to a cyclist and pain to a hockey player. It is therefore meaningful that this sport is one of the few in which sedative use is surreptitious and regarded as an underhanded practice. When interviewed at a recent tournament, a number of the touring pros were immediately suspicious of any mention of sedative use, quickly claiming that if—perish the thought—drugs were used, public knowledge of this would be bad for the "image" of the game. However, it was gingerly admitted that maybe a few golfers took a few calm-down drugs, like maybe Tommy Jacobs, Al Getzberger, Dave Hill. When queried, most gave an answer similar to what Doug Sanders, often on the list of the guys-who-do, had to say: "I have taken tranquilizers. And Mayo Clinic gave me something to help me sleep, but I seldom take it. I mean practically never. This is not a motion game like football. You've got to be mentally alert. You can't be leaning against a tree that isn't there." What is suggested here applies to all athletic use of barbiturate-type drugs: the trick is in the dosage. You want to feel casual enough to lean against the tree, but you want the tree really to be there. The moral question is something else again.

In addition to exhaustion and tension, all athletes are at some time in some degree challenged by a third physiological phenomenon—pain. The relationship between pain and sports is ancient and close. For some, pain is the prohibitive

continued



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DOUG SANDERS

Don't lean against a tree that isn't there

price that makes games not worth playing, for others it is the secret but ultimate opponent. For most it is a necessary vocational byproduct. Though the image of the athlete as a virile, courageous, uncomplaining pain bearer has been assiduously promoted and popularly accepted, athletes in general fret, worry and complain more about pain than nonathletes. There are several good reasons for this. Games are physical, sometimes violent, and the chances of getting a broken bone, bruise or cut are clearly greater in sports than in less active pastimes. Also, athletes tend to be more dedicated body watchers than most. "They are not exactly hypochondriacs. They are just exceptionally cautious about their bodies," says Dr. Thomas Silva of the Boston Celtics. The normal athlete will immediately note and be concerned about small throbs, aches and twinges that a nonathlete accepts stoically as just part of being alive. Because he is concerned with physical performance, a very little pain can distract an athlete to a significant degree. An accountant with a sore toe is likely to accept the infirmity silently. The same ailment in a baseball pitcher often will be headline news. The player, in turn, will act as if he were threatened by advanced gangrene, and he can hardly be blamed, since his livelihood may be involved in his sore toe.

Under those unnerving circumstances, it is not surprising that pain control is one of the most common reasons drugs are used in sports. The anti-pain drugs are of two kinds: those that provide a

local anesthetic for aches and strains, such as Novocain and Xylocaine, which are usually given by injection, and ethylchloride, which is sprayed on, and those that begin with aspirin and work up to the opiates, which act on the central nervous system. Then there are the potent anti-inflammatories such as cortisone and Butazolidin, and the now-banned DMSO.

There is probably not a single sports physician in the United States, including the most conservative, who has not given a pain shot or pill at some time, and there are precious few athletes who have not taken such remedies. The explanation for the practice is the same in every sport. The sermon goes like this: "I give Novocain (or drug X) injections. However, I never give a boy a shot and send him back to play if a weight-bearing joint is involved. Pain is nature's warning, letting the body know something is wrong. If a boy continues to perform on an ankle or knee that has been deadened to pain, he runs the risk of aggravating the injury, disabling himself for a longer time, causing permanent injury or winding up in his 40s with traumatic arthritis."

No physician or trainer says he has ever given a painkiller that created a health risk for the receiver. However, most physicians and trainers, if pressed, admit that some others—often with opposing teams—do inject in this way. They will tell, off the record of course, stories about crippled halfbacks, distance runners hooked on Demerol (a synthetic morphine), pitchers whose elbows have degenerated because of too much cortisone. Obviously there is a mathematical, if not a moral, paradox here. Just as obviously, there is no way to collect testimony that will resolve the paradox—nobody is going to say, "Sure, we ruined Slug's knee, but we got three good games out of him before it went." Perhaps all that can be said is that what is good and what is bad painkilling practice is a matter of opinion, often firmly stated opinion. Some doctors feel that shooting so much as a sprained thumb is dangerous and unethical, while others see nothing wrong with freezing a broken leg.

With one exception, the major athletic drugs, whether restorative or additive, are used to achieve temporary results. They are taken before, during

or after a contest, to get ready for it, to help during it or to repair damage done to the mind or body by the game. The exception is the drug group known as the anabolic steroids. The purpose for which these drugs are used by athletes is exclusively additive. The intention is not to change momentarily a mood, sensation or bodily process, but to alter the body of the user on a relatively long-term basis, to artificially create a better athletic instrument.

Steroids are a group of complex compounds naturally produced by many plants and animals. The steroids are hormones, and among these are the androgens, male hormones produced by the testes and the cortex of the adrenal glands. Anabolic steroids used by both male and female athletes are derived from male hormones. (Among the most commonly used are Dianabol, Durabolin and Deca-Durabolin, Maxibolin, Anavar, Nolvavar and Winstrol.) The androgens have many effects on the body. They influence the development of female reproductive organs and secondary sexual characteristics, beard growth, thickness of skin, depth of voice, and they stimulate the libido (sex drive). A second major effect of the androgens is anabolic, i.e., body building. They improve the assimilation of protein and thus promote increased weight and muscle mass. Presumably this characteristic evolved because it served the species to have males bigger than females. (However, if given in excess to youngsters, they may stunt growth.)

The term anabolic steroid literally, body-building hormone is both euphemistic and misleading, since it implies that the principal effect of such drugs is body building and that the androgenic (sex influencing) properties have somehow been removed or greatly inhibited. Actually, as even the drug manufacturers admit in the small promotional print, there is no such thing as a strictly anabolic steroid. All of these drugs do affect sexual processes and characteristics.

Athletes take anabolic steroids in hopes that the drug will artificially make them bigger and stronger. However, more sophisticated athletes are now aware that the anabolic steroids may cause potent glandular reactions. The nature of these effects, benign or malignant, temporary or permanent, are a mystery and a worry not only to athletes but to physicians and physiologists.

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as well, since there have been no serious, controlled, inclusive investigations of what the drugs do for or to young healthy bodies. Several of the so-called studies that have been made have been do-it-yourself affairs that produced more rumors than facts.

In the early 1960s a high school team physician, working in cooperation with a pharmaceutical company, gave anabolic steroids to members of the football team. The program was clandestine. It apparently violated state interscholastic regulations and came to an abrupt halt when other football coaches heard about it and complained. Supposedly a report on the effects of the hormones on the high school boys was made, but the pharmaceutical company will not release it and the doctor will not discuss it.

Dr. H. Kay Dooley, of Pomona, Calif., now perhaps the physician who most openly advocates the use of anabolic steroids—though under a doctor's supervision—oversaw a study in 1965 testing three different commercial brands of the drug on 10th- and 11th-grade football players in Bloomington, Calif. Dooley believes the drugs did increase muscle size and improve performance, and he says there were no undesirable side effects. However, he says his procedures were not sufficiently controlled to provide hard evidence supporting the efficacy of the drug. He would like to see "a good scientific study" done.

Perhaps the best existing document on the subject was published in 1966 by Dr. William M. Fowler Jr., then of the UCLA Medical School. Summarized, the Fowler report found that the hormonal drugs do increase weight. However, said Fowler, "To equate increases in weight with a possible increase in strength can be erroneous, since considerable evidence exists that much of the increase in weight is due to water retention." Fowler concluded that the relationship between anabolic steroids and strength increase in athletes is unproved, and may be unprovable because it does not exist. As to the dangers connected with the drug, Fowler lists as major ones: testicular atrophy, change in the libido, liver damage and edema.

In preparing his report, Fowler queried 38 "well-known weight lifters or field-event men." He found "50% had taken or were taking one or more of the anabolic steroids. Of the users, 47%



DAVE MAGGARD

What do you tell the boys you are coaching?

had received the drug from physicians, and 47% were taking a dosage that was two to four times greater than the therapeutic amount recommended. All of the 19 men on the drugs expressed the belief that their performance had improved. Only five denied any side effects. Most of the 19 men had been taking anabolic drugs on and off for at least one year."

Considering the debatable effectiveness, the potential dangers and the abusive use, Fowler arrived at a strong conclusion: "The use of androgens in athletes is unethical and illegal, and those using or administering them should be banned from further competition or professional activity."

Another concern is the suspicion of many physicians that the anabolic steroids may increase the chances of premature cancer of the prostate. Says Dr. Allan J. Ryan of the University of Wisconsin, "We won't be truly able to evaluate the damage this fad may have caused for 10 or 15 years."

All in all, the anabolic steroid scene is not a happy one. There is a lot of clandestine gossip that the drug is effective and safe—or that it is useless and dangerous—but no one has convincing proof either way. Many anabolic steroid users feel guilty about the practice and suspect they are doing something sneaky, but no sporting body in the U.S. has specifically declared the drug illegal, or for that matter even plainly said that its use is unethical or dangerous.

Among many who are perplexed by the anabolic steroid problem and the gen-

eral confusion surrounding the athletic medicine chest is Dave Maggard, the young University of California track coach who was a shotputter on the 1968 Olympic team. Maggard's problem is simple: he is uncertain how he should advise the young men he is coaching.

"What I wish," says Maggard, "is that some reputable scientific group would really study certain drugs and tell us yes or no as to whether they are effective, and yes or no as to whether they are dangerous. Then I'd like to see the NCAA, the AAU, the U.S. Olympic Committee and all the conferences go ahead and put us straight—tell all of us to either use the drugs, or don't. I think if most drugs were banned—things like amphetamines, barbiturates, anabolic steroids—most athletes would stop using them. It's this halfway stuff, the rumors, the idea maybe you have to use them to be competitive that has made it such a mess."

That there is not now sufficient information to give firm answers on the safety and effectiveness of the many drugs that athletes use does not diminish the importance of Maggard's question, nor provide an excuse for ignoring it.

"Someday," says Dr. Ryan, "somebody will find a drug that measurably improves performance, is expensive, and is not available to everyone or known by everyone. That is the day when we are all going to have to stand up and be counted on what is right and wrong—we will have to decide then what sport is all about."

Unlike the conservative Dr. Ryan, a good many athletes, coaches, trainers and physicians believe that we already have found the alchemist's stone; it is anabolic steroids, amphetamines, strychnine, abayane, muscle relaxers, B-12, cortisone, etc., etc., etc. Whether it is true or not, the belief and the practices that follow the belief are enough to suggest, as they have to Dave Maggard, that the stand-up-and-be-counted time has already arrived for the athletic Establishment.

Next Week

No U.S. sport—horse racing aside—enforces rules against drugs. Bill Gilbert explains how this shocking see-no-evil policy endangers not only the competitors—but sport itself.



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

South had a golden rule

If you've ever played Bingo or one of its relatives among the lottery games, you know that the space right in the middle of your card is labeled "Free." Does this free play give you an advantage? You can bet it doesn't. Every other card in the game makes the same gift. The free play only speeds things up so that "the house" gets a chance to run several extra games every session.

On some hands of duplicate bridge, however, a shrewd declarer may get a free play because of a rule of the American Contract Bridge League, which runs most duplicate games and tournaments. The league rule is that a player may open with a weak two-bid only if his count falls within the range of six to 12 high-card points. Until very recently a penalty for a violation of this rule was automatic, and even today, although it is no longer automatic, it would be an exceptional case in which an offender was not penalized.

Expert players have long been opposed to this regulation. They want to be able to make a weak two-bid on fewer points, or more, if, in their judgment, the situation seems to call for it. Then, too, they don't want to give their opponents

Both rules admissible
East dealer

NORTH			
♠	h		
♥	A 10 7 5		
♦	K Q 9 8		
♣	A Q J 2		
WEST			
♠	A 7 5 2		
♥	3		
♦	A 7 6 3		
♣	10 1 3		
EAST			
♠	Q J 10 9 8 6		
♥	7		
♦	J 10 5 4		
♣	6 5		
SOUTH			
♠	1 3		
♥	Q J 9 8 6 1		
♦	2		
♣	K 9 8 7		
EAST			
♠	2		
♥	3		
♦	PASS		
SOUTH			
♠	PASS		
WEST			
♠	3		
♥	4		
♦	PASS		
NORTH			
♠	5		
♥	7		
♦	PASS		
SOUTH			
♠	PASS		

Opening lead: ace of spades

continued

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a free play, such as the declarer got in this recent tournament deal. Don't be surprised when you see that two cards are missing. They are the king and the 2 of hearts, and who has which is the declarer's problem.

West's two-no-trump response was forcing, after North's takeout double. East's rebid was preemptive, when South found enough to come in at the four level and West next bid four spades. North somewhat harshly continued to five hearts, figuring that four spades doubled would yield a poor result on the deal.

After winning the ace of spades, West continued by leading a second spade for dummy to ruff. Obviously South can make his contract if he can avoid the loss of a trump trick. How do you play it? Assume that you cross to your king of clubs, lead the queen of hearts and see West play the 3. Who has the king? Who has the deuce? Do you finesse or play for the drop?

If East has only one heart, it is either the deuce or the king. But then East might not have any hearts at all. To the abstract mathematician the finesse offers a clear advantage, since it wins any time West has two or three hearts including the king and loses only when East has the singleton king. (The case where East has K, 2 of hearts is not considered, since South loses no matter what he does.) But to the practical player who never got past simple arithmetic, the ACBL regulation offers a free play.

What South did after ruffing the second spade in dummy was to lead dummy's king of diamonds. West took the ace and led another diamond. Declarer ruffed, led the queen of hearts and when West produced the dummy's ace was played without a moment's hesitation dropping the king.

"The ace play couldn't lose," South explained. "If West turned up with the heart king, I'd call the director and demand an average-plus score. East couldn't have six high-card points without it."

South had proved his by locating the ace of diamonds before he led trumps. Unless East had the king of hearts, he couldn't have a legal weak two-bid. And unless he had it singleton, South couldn't make his contract. Under the league rule then in effect, the award of an average-plus score to the offended parties would have been automatic.

END

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Odd one for the Sun Devils

In even years the big-league draft leaves Arizona State Coach Winkles bereft, but not in 1969—which made things tough for Tulsa and New York

The other seven teams in the College World Series at Omaha last week should have seen it coming. It was Arizona State Week every where in baseball. First, Reggie Jackson, who played for ASU in 1966, drove in 14 runs in two games for Oakland. A couple of days later Gary Gentry, a Sun Devils' pitcher in 1967, threw a two-hitter for the Mets. It was hardly surprising, then, that the 1969 team, with a clutch of players who could be up in the majors in the next year or two, took over. Recovering from an opening-round loss, State swept five consecutive games and won its third collegiate championship in five years.

With titles in 1965, 1967 and now 1969, Sun Devils Coach Bobby Winkles has made odd-year victories a routine at Omaha, but hardly anything else was as predictable as this year's series. First-ranked Southern Illinois and UCLA

were both knocked out of the double elimination play after two games. Texas and Mississippi, ranked third and fifth in the country, soon followed. And rising out of the wreckage of all four were Tulsa and New York University, two teams that were supposed to put in brief appearances and then depart gracefully for home. Both, skillfully coached, stayed around until the end.

By the time the Sun Devils finally coiled the upstarts by defeating Tulsa in the title game, ASU had made it emphatic that its combination of exceptional talent, a regular schedule of over 60 games against opponents ranging up to major league clubs and Winkles' tough coaching regimen builds a team that is not prone to upsets. Tulsa and NYU had had a good old time rapping Texas, Mississippi and UCLA, but when they ran into Arizona State they lost by scores of 11-3, 4-1 and 10-1. In those games ASU pitchers allowed only 16 hits while the hitters stroked 35.

Winkles, whose team won 56 games this year, the most by any club in 111 years of collegiate baseball, draws his players from all over, outbidding the major leagues for the ones the scouts know about and finding a few they have overlooked. Range curfewballer Larry Gura, who led the ASU staff with a 19-2 record and clinched the series with a six-hitter, comes from Joliet, Ill., and Left-Fielder John Dolinske, the outstanding player at Omaha with a .476 average, lives in California. Lerran LaGrow, a 6' 5" righthander whose mother picked his name out of a magazine, had scouts beating a path to his door in high school. "I told them that Coach Winkles convinced me I should play for him," says LaGrow, "and they didn't bother to draft me." The scouts never even saw ASU's best player, Centerfielder Paul Ray Powell. The seventh man picked in

the major league draft this month, Powell went to high school at Eloy, Ariz., a desert town of 5,373 people that only Winkles bothered to visit.

A former shortstop in the White Sox organization, Winkles is a cheerful man and an admirer of Vince Lombardi. He has problems reconciling the two. "I like to go out on the field and play pepper, take my turn in batting practice and just be in there with my players," he says, "but I believe you have to make kids work to be good. I guess my boys understand that there are times I must be tough. Still, it's hard to do that and keep the closeness I enjoy."

To Winkles, work means running. After the first-round loss to Texas and an 11-inning 2-1 win over UCLA, he decided his team was not putting out so he drove it through 30-50-yard wind sprints. In the next four games the Sun Devils ripped their opponents 29-7.

Until it ran into the Sun Devils, Tulsa—not just the team but the whole town—was enjoying the biggest laughs of the tournament. With 12 of the club's 20 players Tulsa natives, the competition seemed to be less Tulsa against UCLA, Texas or NYU than north side Tulsa players against boys from Tulsa's south side.

"This team is a real personal thing to our city," said Coach Gene Shell. "Many of these people have coached these boys or at least watched them all the way up from Pee Wee League and they all feel they helped build the team. And they say so. In the district playoffs one of our players went to the bathroom at the park and a fan in there said, 'I'm up there with your grandmother and if you get in the game you better do something for her.' The boy pinch hit a grand-slam home run and that guy was yelling he told the boy to do just that."

The north side, with Outfielder Ruger Whitaker leading the team in RBIs and Third Baseman Les Rogers hitting 400 until the dismal last game, probably can claim intricacy honors, but the big winner was Shell. A Tulsa himself, he infomted the school's athletic director in a memo that "this is the best baseball team we have ever had. If we do not get it out of them, it will be my fault." The only faultfinding, finally, was that Tulsa ended up the second-best college baseball team in the country.

NYU coach Larry Geraciotti also made his first trip to the series and, coming



WINKLES: PART LOMBARDI, PART BUDDY

The first alternative to the station wagon.

all the way from the Northeast, there was no way he was supposed to bring his team past the second round. Spring showers may be nice for the Forsythia hushes in New York but they play havoc with baseball schedules and Eastern teams regularly get in only about a third as many games as clubs in the West. No Eastern entry has won at Omaha since 1952. The last representative from that area to advance as far as NYU did this year was Penn State in 1957. But Geraciotti's team, with the series' second leading batter in Dodger draftee Jim Cardenas—he hit .421—and the series' slackest defense—NYU committed only four errors in five games—came in third.

"I'm from a small town and the NYU players are from a big city and I didn't know whether I'd even like them," said Powell. "But I thought they were the best guys I met here and just as good players as anybody. Their only problem was they didn't believe that themselves."

The Texas players did not believe it either. After losing 3-2 to NYU's No. 4 starter in a game that ended with a close call at first, the Longhorns put on a boorish display that was remarkable in a series that otherwise was a model of old-fashioned, cheer-your-opponent good sportsmanship. Larry Horton, Texas' barrel-shaped relief pitcher, charged the first-base umpire after the call which ended the game. As the teams left the park one Longhorn yelled at the NYU players, "I hope you guys lose real bad. You don't deserve to be where you are anyhow." The mother of another Texas player came up to Geraciotti and addressed him with a two-word obscenity that the troops in Vietnam usually reserve for the Viet Cong. Replied the NYU coach, who wears rimless glasses and has a priestly look even in his baseball uniform, "Madam, you must not be a Catholic."

The cheerful Bobby Winkles laughed when he heard that one, but his Longhorns side was already thinking of the work ahead. "There's a reason we've been winning every other year. Each time we win the championship the majors sign most of our team and we have to start rebuilding. They've drafted six so far this year. It takes a year to get the team into shape and then you can figure to be a challenger again." So good news Tulsa and NYU, Texas, Ole Miss, UCLA and Southern Illinois: you've got a year to fight it out among yourselves. **END**



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Another great Scot races in

The late Jim Clark's 1963 record of seven Grand Prix victories is being challenged by his countryman, Jackie Stewart, who won handily in Holland

In 1963 a Scotsman named Jackie Stewart, who bounced up and down a lot on his tippy-toes when he walked, had a very good year for a rookie in Formula 1 racing. He was the No. 2 driver behind Graham Hill on the last strong works team BRM produced. He won the Grand Prix of Italy, was a strong second in three other races and finished third in the world championship point standings. Unfortunately that was the year another Scotsman who bounced on his toes chose to have a smashing Grand Prix season. The late Jimmy Clark won six of 10 Grand Prix races, coming close to his record of seven out of 10 in 1963 when the European racing set and

nobody could ever dominate a season that way again.

So all of a sudden it's happening. The win by the effervescent Stewart in the Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort last Saturday was his third of the year. In his only losing race so far he had opened a 27-second lead over Graham Hill in 23 laps along the twisty streets of Monte Carlo, where things like that are not supposed to happen, before the drive shaft of his car broke. Stewart has to capture four of the seven remaining races to tie Clark's win record and, while ordinarily that would be improbable, considering the Stewart-Matra combination and the fragility of the opposition, it

may be a conservative goal this year.

It is no secret that the Ford-powered Matra is an unusually durable and fast race car, nor is it news that Stewart is a very quick and heady driver and that their act produced and directed by Ken Tyrrell—the perfect picture of the slightly bumpy, slightly baggy Englishman and perhaps the best team manager in European racing—is beautifully orchestrated. The real lesson of Zandvoort is that Stewart & Co. are becoming so dominant that Jackie might just emerge as the fourth superstar of the postwar era, following Juan Manuel Fangio, Stirling Moss and Clark. It is too early to know for sure, because Stewart's strongest opponents—the Ferrari and Lotus-Ford drivers—still have some problems and have yet to make a gun run at him.

Ferrari's Chris Amon drove what may have been the best race of anybody at Zandvoort and barely finished third. The day before he had said of his car, "It's bloody awful. It understeers badly [plows], and the factory hasn't done



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things that should have been done two weeks ago. I lost a day's practice because the engine was bad."

Meanwhile Lotus' Colin Chapman is demonstrating that while he builds extremely fast cars he also occasionally builds them a bit firmly. In the Grand Prix of Spain, Hill had a crash attributed to mechanical failure. Jochen Rindt's Lotus failed once without drama but a second breakdown, in Spain, caused a violent flip and a head injury that forced him to miss Monte Carlo.

At Zandvoort, Rindt was the fastest qualifier, getting around the 2.6-mile circuit in 1:20.85, or about 113 mph, but left the race while in the lead on the 17th lap (of 90) when a universal joint broke. Hill potted 10 laps later and complained that his Lotus was twitchy. Mechanics found nothing wrong and sent Hill back out, but he never challenged for the lead and finished seventh, nearly two laps behind the Scotsman.

Before Rindt retired, he had opened about an eight-second lead on Stewart,

the second fastest qualifier, on a circuit that is not particularly demanding. It is nestled among grass-covered sand hills about 300 yards from the biggest resort beach in Holland and contains only one real straight, "which is getting shorter and shorter every year," as Stewart said. The rest of the course is a series of fairly slow turns. With Rindt out of it Stewart was never to be pressed.

Jo Siffert easily held second place in his Lotus-Ford, but third place was another matter, and the fight for it turned what might have been a dull afternoon into an exciting one. After Hill dropped out (Bruce McLaren had already parked his McLaren), a group of four drivers spent the last two-thirds of the race testing their nerve against each other. First Jacky Ickx, the 24-year-old Belgian who had won Le Mans the week before, maneuvered his Brabham-Ford past his boss, Jack Brabham, then got by Amon in fourth place. Third at that point was Denis Hulme in the second McLaren-Ford team car.

Amon decided this was nonsense and shot back past Ickx. So did Brabham, who also caught Amon and made a brief and futile run at Hulme. Then, on the 56th lap, Amon began his big move; he slithered back past Brabham and took a head on Hulme. Ickx, however, was not through. He again passed Brabham and for a few laps he, Amon and Hulme were rarely separated by more than half a second. Finally, on the 82nd lap, Amon caught Hulme in the Tarran, the sweeping U-turn at the end of the straight where most of the passing had been going on. That ended the fun, for by then Brabham had dropped back, as had Ickx, and Hulme began losing power steadily; he finished fourth.

Stewart, with his perky wife Helen, accepted champagne and beer in the victory ceremony—an awful combination, but sponsors are sponsors—and the eighth Grand Prix garland of his career. That places Jackie third behind Hill and Brabham among active drivers, and he is the man for this season. **END**

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He was small when he arrived, and has never grown above six inches tall, but the full measure of him is much larger than that. He is a feather filtering through the sunlight here, a humiliated cat over there. He is a chirr sound, he is a nibble on a toe, he is a sudden whoosh, he is a missing chicken neck. But most of all, he is HEX.

OWL



● ● ● slides his foot down the curve of the fire screen, then, bobbing and swinging his head to get the range, he eases his weight forward onto that foot. The off-leg stays angled behind him. He sights in again on the tomcat, who half-dozes six feet away. Owl makes tiny adjustments, leans still farther forward. But no attack occurs, and there

by *William Service*

he is simply perched on the fire screen again. Owl's life is full of such empty melodrama. Since many of his hours are passed each day in gray, rather scruffy inaction, in being the half-interested observer of a great many commotions of no relevance to his life, and since each day is spent under the strictest house arrest, perhaps he needs to exaggerate his

continued

OWL continued

excitements. Or it may be that, against some grayness in our own lives, we are the ones who exaggerate.

An owl is an odd creature to keep about the house. Also for forest, hedgerow, meadow to keep. An odd creature anywhere.

I would like to describe how I removed the bird from the tree of its parents, senselessly shot, the nest in a cavity high up as a dead oak too rotten to climb, the traverse rope between two adjacent hickories, proceeding hand over hand until directly above the nest and so forth. What actually happened was that our retriever puppy, Jason, found the fuzzleball, beaky and glare-eyed, in woods behind the house and bellowed at it until children came. They brought it home in a coffee can and piped the predictable question.

"Go home, Owl," I wanted to say, but the woods are a cruel territory for anything odd and defenseless. Dogs, cats, children patrol steadily.

He had been brought to a house already beset with enough and too many animals: the obligatory dog and cat, a big aquarium, half a dozen assorted turtles, two wild ducklings whose history began like Owl's, a domestic squirrel on board while the owners vacation. (Our youngest, Grant, has reminded me—three cups of dust in which his ant lions live.) But especially I wanted no more of founding hards. Their demands are greater than those of all the others put together. Most of them require much expertise. Our usual experience has been that they eat ravenously awhile and then die.

Owl kept up a continuous chirring noise, soft and scratchy. The yellow binocular stare from out of the coffee can seemed to return my own stare, but not so. I moved out of line and the eyes did not waver. The owl stood on its own two feet, looking alert and fearless. *Feed him.* The only fare immediately available was some soaked dog meal, pretty humble stuff. I offered a chunk, which Owl ignored until it touched the bristles beside his beak, then with a garble noise he seized it and gulped it down. Behind that little hooked beak there gapes a surprising width of mouth. He snatched another chunk, uttered his noise. All right, we keep him. To register the new citizen, I looked him up in the guide. I announced that we had a barred owl, *Strix varia*. Later that day a suggestion of tufts perking up for horns. A question is raised. A closer look is required. *Onu asio*, the screech owl.

Fledgling Owl Easy to House, Feed

... except that he never stayed fed very long and soon got the urge to march about. Owl took from three to 12 meals a day—it depends whether you consider one cricket delivered in a child's fist a formal meal. Even so, owl parents can call themselves lucky, their feedings have more substance and are processed much more slowly than the pap of insects and berries given other nestlings. The five foster parents marched a doomed procession of moths and beetles and crickets and grasshoppers down that throat, plus squads of what one interested woman termed "Bill's artificial animals", bits of beef liver wrapped in cat hair, chicken gizzard in poodle fur, dog food, bristly as any caterpillar with a coat of human

hair; feathered shrimp. These last represented almost all I knew about owls; that their digestive tracts require roughage. For some weeks Owl refused hamburger. Did he know something about hamburger we didn't know? Something we ought to know?

Owl Eyes

When they shut, Owl has very nearly achieved the childhood fantasy, that when you shut your eyes no one can see you.

Owl has an optical system remarkable both for its capacities and its limitations. In the dimmest light he spots out of the



Chicken Gizzard
in poodle fur



Moth



Cricket



Worm



Shrimp in feathers



Snake



Liver
in cat hair

corner of his eye, from perhaps 20 feet away, a small moth dropped to the floor—and the only reason I know it's there is because I dropped it for him. Yet as long as it doesn't move, he is weak at registering prey by its form and color alone: a fat moth on the wall may well be ignored. Unless Owl is very hungry, in which case he prowls and scans his familiar world for something suspicious and any foreign shape is then recorded in many perspectives if it looks even remotely like food. His decision that something is food is usually correct, but we sometimes see Owl, by our exquisite standards, making a fool of himself over a cigarette butt or bread crust against the background of a plate.

Strangely, anything closer than eight or 10 inches Owl can scarcely see at all, which means that he can form no useful image of what he holds in his talons. Sagacious Owl, bird of Athens, goddess of wisdom—he can't even see his own feet. And now I can offer two possible reasons for another observation, Owl's odd habit of closing his eyes when he eats. First, he can't really see what he's got, so why not? Second, some of the things he eats are known to thrash around a little. Who wants that in the eye? Does he *think* to guard his eyes, or is it automatic? Since they close when he drinks water also, let us call it automatic, without being perfectly sure what automatic means.

Growing up to Become an Owl

The odds are against the success of an owl. A major factor is the development of his optical system. At first only the motion of large objects would attract his attention and not dependably. Soon, however, he began to try to sight in on things with a swing and bob of the head. Functionally, nevertheless, he was blind. He had been living contentedly in his coffee can on a shelf, never going more than a few feet from its entrance. To show him off to a friend who was at supper with us, we set the owl on the table with dessert. He marched, hip-hop, across the table, up one side of the guest's ice cream and down the other (who said something in a resigned tone of voice,

and smoothed the prints out of his dessert) and continued on his way, off the edge of the table. Owl took four falls in this fashion, until finally he learned how an edge looks.

Grounded, the flightless owl never showed the slightest fear of anything. He is slow-foot, too weak to defend himself, rather strong-smelling (an owl smells about the way you would expect an owl to smell, perhaps somewhat better—far milder than, say, a long-haired dog, mole, tomcat or person). For such a creature, what use is fear? The grounded owl, if an orphan, has one resource: face. And so he presented beak and furious yellow stare face-on to anything that approached, and went *clerk* at it. An animal that looks back at you with two eyes at once tends to stand high in the local food chain, i.e., not one of nature's victims.

It has been reported that many owl fledglings leave home before they can fly and are supported by the parents as they clamber about on the ground and up trees—air support for the ground forces. It seems a chancy way to raise children, yet there are new owls every year, so it must work. Our fledgling stayed near the mouth of his coffee can for about a week, but then, long before he could fly, set out into the world on foot—a world which he could scarcely see, which would have to be worked into shape through trial and error and which he could not hope to exploit for food. The child leaving home with his clothes and a favorite toy in a bag tied to a stick is better equipped to make a living. Nevertheless, off Owl went, presumably coded with the knowledge that his parents were maintaining overflights and would give the evil eye—the HEX—to whatever came his way.

The hex works on the cat, who has never granted amnesty to any other weaker household creature luckless enough to go before him. The cat's name is Harold Claggart and he is inclined to say, in chill officialese, "It is regrettable that the prisoner was deceased in an attempt to escape from confinement." Claggart is an expert on other animals. Some dogs he flees, some he ignores,

some he fights, others he keeps so far away from he never has to fight or flee. No great hunter, only lust and combat truly stir him; nevertheless, he knows how to and will kill a chance squirrel or mole or bird, will ignore toad and wasp, will munch a grasshopper. A pragmatist. How does he react to Owl? On introduction he was cautiously on stiff legs, he advanced his nose carefully. The little owl, shut-eyed, leaned forward and delivered the nibble and buzz he gave everything which came to him. Claggart, not charmed, pulled back. In the next few hours the two of them defined the poles of their relationship: mild aversion, indifference and that instinctive flicker from eye to muscle, muscle to claw or eye to gland and back to eye that I will call curiosity. Two rival gangs have agreed to a truce but the gunmen are a bit edgy, that is what Owl and Claggart remind me of, and their infrequent face-to-face encounters are from the same movie.

One day Owl, under a protective umbrella of his human parents, firing his hex in all directions, was exploring on foot. Still flightless, he had just learned to pounce. (Let's say "learned" to pounce: maturation was required as well as study. For a couple of weeks he did not pounce at all, the transition was the short two-legged hop he would make in getting from place to place, it remained only to link that hop onto a moving target.) Owl saw in front of him the twitching tail of the sleeping cat. He pounced on the twitch. Infantile as the bird was, beak and talons were still needed, and the cat must have felt each one.

In cartoons a cat so attacked goes straight up in the air, his mouth open yowling, his hair electrically bristling. Claggart—to get it as accurately as possible, I will drop in the phrase—got hastily to his feet. A standard cat posture: arched and twisted body, ears back, a nasty show of teeth, the weight shifted off one front leg which makes a menacing half-movement. It is a movie again. The bully who is



continued

OWL

continued

really a coward and is not going to fight it out, instead sneers and snarls out of it as best he can. The tail having been whipped out of his clutch, Owl had made some kind of retreat but was still staring at what was looming up in front of him. You can say he was aware of the magnitude of his error but was hazing it out. Or you can say he was staring aghast at the consequences of his act.

Claggart slouched off and lay down again. I insist on the strangeness of the cat's reactions. He lightly spikes people who get too cuddly with him. He has finally come to allow Jason to nuzzle him, but claws him for any too-sudden or buffoonish approach. My mother-in-law's black poodle can bark and harass until she actually arrives on the cat, then he spikes her. And although Claggart was watched, spied upon, every instant he was with the young owl, he has never been seen to make a threatening move nor has he ever been hit or yelled at when near the owl, which might instill some kind of fear of the bird. Once in a similar situation, I put Claggart and a visiting hamster together, free. The cat may have been about to go for the hamster, but he was easily soothed back into mere watchfulness and then indifference. That was the night in which the same hamster squeezed out of its cage and was killed by the same cat. No, it is not mildness which keeps Claggart in his place, nor is it fear or loyalty to the household gods. It is HEX.

For many days Owl only stared at insects set free in front of him: they might draw his attention, but then they could walk right out of his unswerving field of vision. Then he began to track them with an amazed, furious glare. One evening, so young that his flights were mostly jump, Owl, strutting about on a sofa, was presented with a large, slow beetle. He strained himself up to full height, studied down his chest at the beetle, backed off, bobbed a few times, then hopped right on target. As if seeking approbation, Owl glanced up. Or perhaps he needed instructions. The beetle emerged from the thicket of talons, seem-

ing to proceed on knees and elbows. As has been pointed out, Owl is farsighted, in the weakest sense of the term. Where is the beetle, where did he go? Hop-hop back and another pounce. Again the beetle worked his way past the beak and talons. And repeat, until we realized the armor was proof against the owl's beak.

In gradual increments, Owl learns to see, to fly, to pounce and kill.

First Word

The eight distinct vocalizations of Owl I can more or less imitate, but that nearly incessant *chrrr* the infant and then novice Owl made—it defines me. Get a small rusty electric motor attached to nothing, plug it in, quickly pull the plug out—it will sound only approximately like the owl but you will understand why the noise is hard to duplicate. One of life's *innate* pleasures is to hear his *chrrr*s become softer . . . softer . . . he sinks into sleep. Awake, he is like some infernal sending device used by the FBI, he never lets up. In the forest wouldn't "others" be alerted to an owl's presence? Why does he keep broadcasting? He is saying, "Here I am, Mother." And since his present mother weighs more than two dogs and two cats and a grown owl put together, it is of considerable advantage to him if Mother knows where he is at all times.

Learning to Get Along with Others

Trust is involved, but how much trust is appropriate in the life of an owl, free or captive? Many people want to pet Owl, which sometimes he likes and sometimes he doesn't. His early way out of too much handling was to squawk and take off. Now, more likely than not, and depending on how well he knows the person, he will simply turn and walk a few feet away. Trust is too strong a word, but he has the expectation that he will not be chased and hugged to death. If it's my wife involved, Owl will most likely get his hug no matter what. From inside the embrace he glares yellow outrage. Or perhaps he has found bliss. He is inscrutable.

For this reason or that, we have at times set Owl down outside, in a cage

we have near woods. A number of little birds soon arrive. They fill the air with accusation, threat, alarm and summons. I enter it here that an owl on a stump has many acquaintances but few friends.

Owl and Claggart keep generating border incidents. The cat will eat an insect now and then, I don't know why, nor do I know why, having eaten a few, he doesn't go on to take them regularly. We have analogous yens and preferences—pickles, liver, rhubarb, etc. Claggart may believe insects tone up the system. Owl has lost a number of bugs to him, sometimes because Claggart beats Owl to the kill, sometimes because the cat will rush up. Owl flies, jettisoning even that tiny extra weight. But Owl when he might like a little snack of something to eat and Owl *hungry*—two different birds. Appetite not only goads him to go harder, it also sharpens his skills. Once he even carried the dispute to the cat. Claggart had pinned and was toying with a big hawk moth all his own. So much edible commotion was too much to resist. Owl plunged down from the kitchen door, gave the cat a faceful of wind, shadow and flap—Claggart flinched. Owl missed the moth but stirred it up into one last flight, which was to a place on the wall where Owl also arrived a moment later. Bravo, Owl!

Owliness

"Why, Owl," says son Will, observing him from some odd perspective, "he looks almost like a bird." The owl motif these days in advertising, decorating, cartoons and so forth—well, I was going to say has become a fad, but any image that has recurred through well over 2,000 years to look out at us from coin, pot, fresco or necktie deserves a better word than fad. The living owl looks like an exaggeration of what an owl is supposed to look like. He flies and he has feathers, so our Owl must be a bird, but it takes some self-reminding now and then to realize that Owl *is* a bird. On the other hand he is not the sort of pet to make a person say, "Why, he's almost human." Almost human—a smeary kind of comparison. Myself, I avoid it except in reference to this or

continued



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OWL *continued*

that person. Anyway, Owl is almost birdlike.

Owl steals a sock, flaps with it to his high hook on the bookshelf. (You think you're an eagle soaring off with a human baby? No answer.) He is not making a nest, he simply wants the sock and when it is retaken he clings to it upside down, chittering in rage.

Placid now, he likes having his beak rubbed between thumb and forefinger, having his chin chuckled, his head and neck feathers lightly tweaked. He shuts his eyes in happy calm. Unfortunately, it's most often the lower lids that slide up so that I have to infer "happy calm" from an expression of slit-eyed evil. Conversely, he nibbles gently any finger, ear or nose presented to him. I sit on the couch reading a book, shoes off, toes moving in socks. Hip-hop, bouncing across the floor, comes Owl to nibble the toe. He is not mistaking it for food. The drabdest chunk of dog food, if he is going to eat it, draws from him at least the token pounce. He greets the toe as a friend, walks straight up to it, keeps claws on the ground, extends his head with eyes shut and nibbles. What are you doing, Owl? No answer. I withdraw the foot. He follows, places a restraining claw on the toe and nibbles. Will you tell me this, Owl? Are you aware that my toe pertains to me or do you consider my foot as a separate, independent creature that happens to follow me around a good deal? No answer from Owl.

"Owl," said Will, "you have bad breath." Which unfortunately is sometimes true, depending on what he last ate. Still, it is a comment you would not normally make either to your boss or to a bird.

Owl keeps track of things, sometimes better than I do. I give him a chicken neck and before long it is gone. I forget about it. Some days later Owl brings out what looks like a finger bitten from a mummy. It would seem to be of purely archeological interest, but there he is, hooking into it, twisting, tugging. For all I know, it may date not from three days before but three months before.

He keeps them where it is hard to reach. Many rodents hoard, no great wisdom is required; people hoard as well—we can call it neither vice nor virtue without knowing the circumstances.

How quiet is the flight of Owl? His "noiseless" flight, when you are watching him, is surprisingly floppy—whoosh. When occupied with other things you are surprised to find that Owl has arrived nearby, maybe some time ago. For owls that little surprise has made all the difference.

Morning. I open a kitchen cabinet: Owl. Has he been sitting in perfect darkness for 10 hours, motionless, his face an inch away from the door? He is not upset.

From the window, Owl gazes skyward. His feather horns go up, he stretches. "Ooh," he says. "Ooh." Either a buzzard or one of the broad-winged hawks, very high, is turning. Owl is much impressed, but does not like what he sees at all and says softly, "Ooh." The Saxon who first coined the word "owl" did so with skill and care and he applied it to exactly the right bird.

Personal Habits

Owl is a *clean* bird. Watch him take a bath. After several minutes of scrutiny, he hops into the basin. First he takes a drink: bends over, gets some, straightens up to let it run down his throat. Next he may plunge his head, oscillating it rapidly left-right, which sends a little spray of water to either side. Then he crouches his body almost under, vibrating wings and rump so fast that scientific-looking wave and interference patterns dimple the water, which is clouding up. As if taught by both a strict mother and the advertisements, this bird pays special attention to underwing and crotch areas: he ducks one shoulder and flaps water under the wing pit, then ducks the other and finishes with a shimmery of his tail. Slipping clumsily, he hops up and out. Wet, Owl cannot fly. Not at all, not, I am sure, if his life were to depend on it. The 20 minutes or so of flightlessness seems a fearful risk to take for a bath. A soaked owl looks like nothing. I do not have the heart to describe the sight further, but perhaps it is this very un-

appetizingness that preserves wet owls in the wild.

I have said Owl is a clean bird. That is true. On the other hand, what tends to become dirty is his immediate environment. Two aspects of Owl's magnificent digestion: one, the clean pellets he disgorges sometime after a meal containing the proper roughage—hair, insect shells, feathers and so forth; two, an aspect which was summarized by my wife Connie, who complained, "He's dumping more than he takes in." A fallacy, of course. To my almost certain knowledge, Owl does not defecate in flight. Because of the mobility flight gives him, however, much is not accounted for. Somewhere—*anywhere* in this house, on top of a cornice or on a high bookshelf there lies heaped a fortune in guano.

Movement

It is oddly pleasant to be there when Owl flies up the stairs, or glides down them.

Sunbaths

What's this nocturnal bird of prey doing sunning himself? It seems out of character. A bright patch of sunlight on the kitchen floor. Owl checks right, left, locates the dozing Claggart, then softly flies down to it—there is something special about these quiet landings, he lifts the air through feathers as he lets himself down. (Other times he seems to hit the perch as hard as he can. The goose-neck standing lamp he enjoys making go *klong* against the wall.) Owl centers himself in the light, looks around once more and gradually extends, expands wings and tail feathers like fans out on the floor—a fine, brightly illuminated gray-brown display of Owl all spread out there, with watchful yellow eyes. Now Claggart is up and walking toward Owl, who, of late, no longer takes off. Claggart is tangled wire pulled tight, as he gets near, his walk becomes crabby and slow. Owl's head rotates to the cat's progress but he does not gather himself up in the least, will not interrupt his sunbath. The hard glare keeps the cat to a careful detour around Owl, even though he is close enough for an easy

pounce. I don't know what game it is they're playing. I remind you of Clag-gart's instinctive pugnacity, which has been inscribed on the lacerated hides of X number of dogs and 10 X number of unfortunate tomcats who tested him.

Caution

Before man's arrival, eagle and bear and horned owl and the like had things much their own way. Now all of us are in the deepest kind of trouble. But screech owls have always had to be careful. Owl swoops on a grasshopper, his long-distance low-trajectory shot which sends him skidding across the floor on his knuckles with the insect tight-wrapped. The first thing he does, the very first thing, is to look up and then to look all around.

What are you doing, Owl? Two things: Owl is looking to see in what direction his meal may be trying to escape, which is better than looking up two seconds later to wonder in which direction it has escaped, and since when he pounces both he and his meal attract attention, he looks up to see if something may be coming for him, which is better than looking up two seconds later to discover something has come for him.

Hamdum

... which is what Owl's life is mostly, and so have I been overemphasizing his more striking aspects? If so, I will remind that for the most part he is as everyday as a silent canary or a sleeping hamster. He is but a small bird, able to squeeze through an opening two inches by 2 1/4, tastefully attired to the point of reticence in a gray check with a dull reddish-brown overtone, a tweedy sort and moderate in his habits; spends hours perched, doing little, will come when called only if hungry, as a general rule, otherwise scarcely answers. An orderly house with a few familiar friends, quiet, objects in their place—these things suit Owl's austere personality. Loud talk and music, jumping, dancing kinds of people, too much drinking and smoking, women who move around after him in order to pat him—he perches aloof on a cornice and glares down. Most especially he dislikes strange dogs and cats and keeps be-

tween one of them and himself the better part of a room and all the height available. I say he shows good sense about that.

A Screech Owl Is Not a Lapsley

... ours, nevertheless, does not conform to the image of the lonely hunter in his forest who has just two questions for anything that moves: Can I catch and eat it? Can it catch and eat me? Owl likes to be tweaked and groomed, especially around the head and neck. Pull away before he has had enough and a claw flicks out to retrieve the finger. As one works affectionately around the back of the head and toward the front again, one arrives at a small patch



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT COWHEDGE

of dark feathers diagonally under the bill which immediately triggers him to respond in kind. He nibbles back. This kind of activity—consider also his spontaneous pulling of earlobes, hair, eyebrows—may be simply a confused extension of what goes on between parent and offspring and between courting owls in coldest springtime, still and all, he's pretty good company.

At Table with Owl

... for a while a delightful novelty as he oversaw us from the chandelier or strode stiffly about among the supper things; or, to show manners more precise than anyone's, balanced on the rim of a water glass and sipped (which divides the world into three classes: those

who send back to the kitchen for another glass, those who surreptitiously wipe the rim and those who get right on with it).

My mother-in-law's bridge partner was with us for breakfast, as was Owl, overheard on a cornice. The late-morning Sunday sun seemed to slant in from two sides at once and in particular lit up our guest's plate. As I came back in from the kitchen with the coffee pot, I noticed Owl beginning to lean forward into that diver's crouch of his and I sat down with a sense of foreboding. Between eggs and sausage, our guest's wedge of tomato was gleaming like ... like ... well, whatever simile I was going to use doesn't matter, what did matter was Owl's: like *meat*!

To sit, as the talk goes on, and to know a part of the immediate future that no one else knows (for at most one other) (who does not know you know) is to share for a moment the prophet's power and woe. I suppose at the last second for effect I might have stretched my arm out to designate the tomato marked for destruction, but I didn't think of it. Anyway, Owl came down somewhere over my left shoulder and made his kill. Noise, laughter, commotion. Owl glanced up and around, business-like, very stern in the midst of all the hullabaloo he had caused. Record here Mrs. Julia Tenney's name on the alltime list of good sports. Owl has received few if any further invitations to dine with us.

Prisoners, Captives, Pets

... an example of each, in that order, would be the monkey in the pet store, the hamster or guppy family in the home, your dog or your cat. Which category for Owl? You would not like to see a saw-whet kept in the house, or a cardinal. What about keeping an owl as a cage bird? And since he does spend half the day or more behind the bars of his cage, we might as well call him that. We wonder whether our bird wants out. Often, right after a bug meal, he will take to the windowsill and watch whatever may be going on outside, and it is plain he can't be scouting for more food. The question is open. If Owl has a prefer-

continued

Owl

continued

ence, he usually makes it known. When he wants out of his cage it sounds from the next room as if "the poor thing is battering itself to death." Take a peek in: Owl is deliberately working on the bars with his claws and hopping back and forth from perch to coffee can—his home within a home within a home—making the can roll and clank. He may not be bruising himself in wild yearning for the skies, but he gives the impression of too much energy to be contained so narrowly. Other times, motionless, he looks out through the bars like a political prisoner who is waiting for his conspirators to overthrow the government and put the jailers to death. Sometimes he seems to feel not confined enough, and he backs into the coffee can, now a container filled with tweedy feathers and set with yellow eyes, then these close and it's nothing but feathers. If he has eaten enough or too much or dislikes the company in the room, he refuses to leave his cage unless coaxed—maybe not even then. Or for reasons known only to himself, he will not voluntarily go back into it but must be nudged, poked, hustled under vocal protest, the way the police urge into a cell a drunk-and-disorderly who happens to be of some standing in the community. The next time, as I hold the door open for him, he may bounce in from a foot away. I conclude then, that since Owl has clear ways of expressing his displeasure, but rarely does so, he is reasonably content in his unnatural state.

Which is not the whole issue. Hawk, great cat, ape, raccoon—none of them spends much time howling or shaking the bars for freedom. Each, in a sense, is content. But who likes to see them in that kind of contentment? Each has its own range of habits, adaptations, capabilities, whatever, and when there is no arena for these to be acted out the prisoner becomes a stuffed animal that happens still to be eating and drinking. The hawk may not feel the lack—or it may—of open sky from which to strike down at its prey, yet the visitor to the aviary should, and also feel the lack of earth in the cage of guinea pigs—that third

or fourth dullest of all our captives—for the beasts to dig their community burrows into.

Now back to Owl. His folk do not soar like eagles, take intercontinental flights like geese nor wing around like swifts. It would be a pleasure to watch a flock of migratory owls drift through a forest, but such is not their way. Nonetheless, fly is what they do. The longest possible flight in our house—from, say, the southwest corner of the kitchen around and up to his perch on some guano-dotted books in my study upstairs—is pretty short, yet he generally breaks even this excursion into shorter legs. He prefers to fly to a spot he can see from where he sits. I decide that while Owl's range is cramped, what he does around the house is not entirely different from what he would do free. He swoops on his prey, he socializes (this probably far more than normal), prowls, bathes, pries into things.

But in March Owl calls and calls. We tend to keep the same hours, he and I, but in March in the dull morning gray of 6 o'clock his rattling cage keeps one awake. We open the windows, weather permitting, to see if maybe he can call someone in. No answer comes from the woods. Under these circumstances, the vigils Owl keeps at the window take on poignancy.

A Discussion of Tastes

Owl does not eat frogs because, in spite of their numbers around here, I won't give him one. Nor a spider. Can you imagine yourself watching while a bird tears apart and eats some large spider? Impossible. Before too long I've got to figure out why no to a spider but yes to a beetle, however crucky. I note that even the most delicate person can watch a beetle or grasshopper in its last minute with Owl, but many, like me, balk at the idea of a spider. I have not, and will not, describe the uproar nor tell who took which sides when it became known Owl was to get his first mouse, but I will wonder why I am willing to feed Owl the lovable mouse, the ugliest of caterpillars, massive beetles, even the remains of a fence lizard taken from a cat, but not a frog.

We have more toads than frogs. I was just barely able to bring myself to bring one to Owl, who captured and seized it up, he did not simply drop it, he whirled his head and threw it away unharmed. And then stalked indignantly upright along behind it, as if to memorize forever the pattern of anything that could taste so bad.

Most birds reportedly have poor senses of smell and taste. In comparison Owl is something of a gourmet, which must seem like an outlandish claim in the light of the fact that Owl stole Grant's lucky rabbit's foot and ate it—fur, skin, nails, right down to the metal clip and one last nub of bone. He may lack the dewlaps and pouting lips of the gourmet, his attention may blaze too strongly out at things, but he does have considerable tongue, sensitive bristles by the beak to help with texture and prominent nostrils. See, he is sampling some raw liver: he stares glumly into the middle distance awhile without moving, then lets it drop: pork instead of beef. (Cat, dog, fish, turtle—all seem to share this faint prejudice against pork liver. Any healthy appetite will overcome it, nonetheless it is there.) Even hungry, Owl is slow to eat the red earthworm, usually stops at one or two Robin food. The great gray nightcrawler, tougher, more vigorous, he grapples zestfully with, taking as many as he is likely to get. Maybe he likes to see himself as eagle killing serpent. Come down from such pretension, Owl, remember we've seen you in Jason's howl probing around for raw meat bits among the pellets and taking pellets if necessary.

The gourmet is discriminating in his tastes but some of the things he enjoys may go against the public taste. Among the moths that come to the outside lights is a series of fluffy, unalert, slow-moving creatures, big of body, small of wing, decorated in white, black and orange in widely varying proportions. They have in common a smell something between mangold and geranium. Of all the eager insect-eaters which generally tenant the house—large tropical fish, turtles, transient reptiles, the ducklings—only Owl eats and seems to like them. (In listing the insect-eaters, I am tempted

to add my daughter's name. Lao, at age 3, are the nourishing part of a large butterfly that had been netted by a lepidopterist friend of mine, while he was out getting more. She can no longer be considered insectivorous, however.)

Attitudes Toward One Single Owl

Generally speaking, everyone who visits wants to see Owl, some visit and bring their children in order to see Owl, everyone who knows us knows Owl.

But in particular. Two women are afraid of Owl, not directly, but in an edgy, phobic kind of way. One man is less than fond of Owl, "I'm afraid I identify with the mouse." Another woman dislikes all or most birds because they are "dirty and smelly." A second man, standing on the lawn, acknowledged having heard of Owl but was not curious, "I've seen owls before." Another sat with his drink while Owl, in some obscure but high excitement, winged around the room, tugged at laundry, dragged irrelevant objects along a desk—all the while the man never glancing at him until Owl made for his drink, at which the man gave a jump, one hand protectively over the glass.

Traveling with Owl, we find at the stops that a number of people will peer into a bird cage. Instead of finding the expected canary, they meet that blast of a glare right back at them and they react one way or another. I am bothered, even peeved, at the occasional refusal to react, the blank, the flat incurious eyes. They don't realize they are looking at an owl. Or Owl.

In time I was able to compile a list of questions, common and rare, asked about Owl:

Q. What do you feed him?

A. See preceding pages, in detail.

Q. Do you let him go outside?

A. No. There are big owls out there.

Q. Do they sell owls in pet shops?

A. I hope not.

Q. If you succeed in mating Owl, can we have one of the babies?

A. If you provide the mate

Q. Since you let him fly around inside, what do you do about, ah, droppings?

A. The best we can.

Q. Why don't you give him a real name?

A. As a general rule I don't name a pet or captive unless it can respond to its own name and Owl responds only to whistles, hoots and other odd noises.

Q. Could he keep alive outside?

A. No doubt he could catch enough to eat. While he mistrusts strange animals, I suspect he may not mistrust them enough.

Q. If you did let him go, would he come back?

A. Owl is staying right here with his own family.

Owl Dies

In the middle of the summer, as I was working up the last of these notes and putting them through the typewriter, the subject died. A weak appetite on one stifling night—he did not bother to walk over to pick up a moth I had brought



him. Unusual. Unwilling to waste what I'd caught, I gave it to him, he took it down. As he would be after a big feed occasionally, he seemed dull, sluggish. He spent his customary many minutes examining a basin of water, decided not to bathe. We left him free of his cage, told him good night.

Even the morning was hot. "Clever Owl," we said when we saw him standing in the basin of water, where he may well have spent the night. But it was unusual. And again he seemed dull to the touch when I put him back in his cage. That afternoon my wife called me—"He's dying"—and so it was. He grew weaker as I held him upright. The claws

went dead. He kept on breathing but then, as if looking it right in the face, the open pupils shuttered down, held and finally expanded again; a swallowing, and that was that.

The question of why. I asked our veterinarian for an autopsy. If he had any comment about the request, he kept it to himself and obliged, both macro- and microscopically, but found no cause. Unacquainted with Owl, he wondered if the bird might have been panicked by something and died from shock and beating himself against bars or glass. I pointed out how uncharacteristic that would have been and the talk ended somewhere after the mention of pesticides—unlikely agents, since we do not use the persistent ones and rarely the others—but by their nature impossible to rule out. Owl had no final surprise for us: he was found to be a male.

I typed the last pages keeping to the convention that he was still alive. He left a very small blank—precisely owl-shaped—in the daily routine... a discontinuity which things still get caught on. And memorabilia. A feather may yet swirl from a suddenly opened closet door or come down with a book from the shelf. A flock of lime in an angle somewhere. Punctured houseplants and page corners nipped off. We keep finding one more pellet. Will had just discovered how to render one of Owl's songs better than I could do, by blowing into his hands—he had been getting, at any rate, a higher percentage of answers—and he still calls from time to time. As I walk by any porch light, automatically I check the area for any substantial night flyer Owl might like. Cutting meat for the other animals, the knife sets for a piece bite-sized for Owl. And every now and then someone asks about him.

We have all missed that trivial, emphatic presence. By no means a domestic creature, neither was he simply a penned wild one. Wild and tame, he showed some of the best of both. He lived less than a year and a half, all told. We take the shortness as a rebuke of some kind, but we count the odd visit a minor privilege, an emblem of the household.

END

Will your youngster have a powerhouse volley like Billie Jean King?

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

In Baltimore (6-2), where the Orioles continue to win games at a record-setting pace, the news was worse for the also rans. Two formerly sore-armed pitchers gained most of the credit as the team stretched its lead to nine games. Mike Cuellar, a lame left-thrower before being traded from Houston, is leading the Orioles' starters in two important categories—complete games (3) and innings pitched (117)—and is second in ERA (1.93). Cuellar had a pair of four-hit wins and was looking almost as good as Dave McNally, who ran his record to 10-0 with a two-hitter. The other surprising pitcher, Marcelino Lopez, turned in 5½ hitless innings in relief to post his second victory. Lopez, who had an aching arm for two seasons, was on the roster of the Orioles' Rochester farm team this spring and could have been drafted by any major league club for \$25,000 before he was recalled in May. Since then he has made six relief appearances and put together a 1.00 earned run average. Third-place Detroit (4-5) dropped 12 games behind the Orioles because of weak hitting. Mickey Lolich's pitching gave the defending champions two wins, but the hitters averaged only .206 as the Tigers lost three in a row to the Yankees and Senators. Boston (3-4) also lost ground in the pennant race, but its fans were still second to none. Some 43,000 Red Sox rooters showed up for a day-night doubleheader, pushing total attendance over 750,000 with almost two-thirds of the season yet to play. Two pitchers who got off to miserable starts came on strong for Cleveland (4-5) and New York (4-4). Luis Tiant, who lost his first seven decisions, defeated the Orioles for the first time in a year to win his third game in four

starts. The Yanks' Stan Bahnsen, 1968 Rookie of the Year, who had begun the season with six consecutive losses, raised his team to a fourth-place tie with his third victory in the past two weeks. Washington (3-4) batters collected over four hits in only three games and averaged .216 as the Senators fell into a tie for fourth place. Even though it lost two games by one run in extra innings, Chicago (5-3) enjoyed its best week since the beginning of May. Three of the White Sox' wins came on complete games by Billy Wynne and Paul Edmondson, who were both making their first major league starts. The young pair helped themselves with clutch hitting as Wynne drove in two runs during a decisive five-run rally and Edmondson twice singled and scored while throwing a two-hitter. Minnesota (5-3) and Oakland (5-3) met head-on for the Western Division lead. The A's maintained a slim .002 advantage, but not before the teams split a pair of wild extra-inning games to begin their series. The Athletics needed five hours and four minutes, the longest game of the year, to take the opener with an unearned run in the 14th inning. The next day Harmon Killebrew's three-run homer started the Twins off to a record-tying, 10th-inning spree. Before they were finished, 16 batters scored 11 times for the Twins, matching the record for runs in an extra inning set by the Yankees in 1928. California's (3-5) latest relief-pitching hero, Ken Tatum, appeared in two more games, threw four scoreless innings and picked up his second victory and second save since joining the Angels a month ago. The 6' 2" right-handed fastballer has now taken over as top man in a bullpen that includes such established aces as Hoyt Wilhelm and Eddie Fin-

er. Two-time batting champ Tommy Davis was back in his old form for Seattle (4-4). Davis, who had been in a two-year slump and began the week hitting .196, went 14 for 32 with nine RBIs to raise his season's average to .231 and take over leadership of the Pilots in runs batted in with 39. Kansas City (2-6) used 20 pitchers, was outscored 47-24 and for the first time fell more than 10 games behind the division leaders.

Standings East: Balt. 50-19, Bos. 35-26, Det. 35-28, NY 34-35, Wash. 34-38, Cleve. 34-40, West: Oak. 35-29, Minn. 36-19, Sea. 30-25, Chi. 28-35, KC 26-45, Cal. 27-41

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Don Drysdale's (below) was not the only familiar old Dodger face boosting Los Angeles' (6-1) hopes for the Western Division pennant. Since returning to his former team from the Expos two weeks ago, onetime Dodger captain Maury Wills has averaged .325 and tightened the infield defense. The only hotter Dodger hitter was Manny Mota, who also came in the deal that sent Ron Fairly north of the border. Mota has hit .444 while batting second in the lineup behind Wills. The right-handed hitting outfielder has used his expert bat control to remind Dodger fans of the pennant-winning one-two punch of Wills and Jim Gilliam. One of Denay Lemaster's two five-hitters ended a four-game losing streak for Houston (6-3) and set the Astros' staff off on a tear that led to six consecutive wins. Over that stretch Don Wilson, Larry Dierker and rookie Tom Griffin joined Lemaster as complete game victors. The best performances were turned in by Dierker, who won his ninth game of the year with a four-hit, nine-strikeout effort, and Griffin, who struck out 12 while throwing a five-hitter. Atlanta (5-3)

HIGHLIGHT

Porting to his right arm, the Dodgers' Don Drysdale said last week, "I'm pitching as hard as this thing will let me." For the past 12 years that would have meant that Drysdale, whose 207 wins are the most by an active pitcher, was throwing as hard as anyone in the major leagues. But early this season Big D took a tumble in the dugout, hurt his right shoulder and went on the disabled list for seven weeks. Unable to throw for most of that time, the 32-year-old ace even talked of retirement. But he came off the injured list last week and gave promise that the only retiring he may do for quite a while will be of opposing batters. Manager Walter Alton eased the 6' 8" veteran back into the rotation with a start against the Mets in spacious Dodger Stadium, and Drysdale won 3-1. In tiny Crosley Field he next

took on Cincinnati and its starting lineup averaging .305. Drysdale pitched six innings, allowed three hits and gave up no runs in earning his third victory of the season. "It's not the D with the speed of other years," said Dodger Catcher Tom Haller, "but he's throwing with fantastic precision." Fast-bailer Drysdale always did, although the fact was often overlooked while he was allowing an average of only 2.3 walks in the equivalent of 374 complete major league games. Now without full power, he has even tighter control. "I'm just throwing for spots because my control seems to go off if I throw too hard," Drysdale says. In the first 19½ innings after his seven-week layoff, he did not walk a hitter. Obviously he is throwing just hard enough, which should strike fear in the hearts of the other Western Division clubs, already feeling the sting of the Dodgers before the return of Big D.



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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

CURTIS ANDERSON
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lost its division lead to the Dodgers despite a .440 week by Rico Carty and knuckleballer Phil Niekro's 11th win of the season. Niekro, whose victory over the Astros was backed by Tony Gonzalez' two home runs, is now the top winner in the majors. Cincinnati's (3-4) heavy hitters were shut out three times and the Reds' pitching, except when Tony Lincecum threw a five-hitter, was as shaky as ever. In all, Manager Dave Bristol used 22 pitchers as his staff allowed 5.3 runs a game. San Francisco (3-5), with its hitters averaging five runs a game, missed a chance to close in on the Braves as weak relief pitching cost the team three games. Ron Kline, Ron Herbel and Frank Linzy allowed three runs in 5½ innings pitched, just enough to cause the Giants to lose out after early leads. San Diego (1-8) failed to score more than three times in any of its games and the opposition pounded out 49 runs on 66 hits as the Padres fell 16½ games out of first. Leo Durocher's marriage, his fourth, was just about the only happy event of the week in Chicago (2-7, page 14) as the Eastern Division leaders ran up a five-game losing streak. Bill Hands stopped the string with a five-hitter, but by the end of the week the Cubs' lead, which once was 8½ games, had dropped to 4½. New York (6-2) and Pittsburgh (6-2) both took advantage of the Cubs' lapse. With over 155,000 fans packing Shea Stadium for a weekend series with the Cards, the once feeble Mets have taken on the look of a serious pennant contender. Rookie Gary Gentry, a two-time winner, and Jerry Kosman both threw shutouts, and Art Shamsky, who refurbished his hitting down on the Mets' Tidewater farm team, averaged .421 with three homers. The Pirates closed within a game of New York in third place by sweeping a four-game series from the Cubs. All the victories were by a run with Rich Hebner driving in the winning score twice and Al Oliver and Jose Martinez once each. Matty Alou, who now leads the league in batting at .366 and has 106 hits for the season, Roberto Clemente, who has raised his average 100 points in a month, and rookie Oliver combined to bat 429 for the Bucs. Lou Brock went on a 438 tear for St. Louis (4-4), but the Cards still failed to reach the .500 mark. Three times the defending champs edged within one win of the break-even point only to lose their next game to the Expos or Mets. Montreal (3-5), which had only two homers—both by Bob Bailey—was shut out three times but still managed to equal its best week of the season. Ron Fairly cracked three doubles and paced the Expos to two of their victories. Philadelphia (3-5) lost two games when Relief Pitchers Al Ruffo and John Bozzer allowed five runs in the two late innings they pitched.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BOG WHO?

Sirs:

Now that Joe Namath has cried for professional football, perhaps professional football will cry a little for Joe Namath (*Mod Man Out*, June 16). It is time that men like Pete Rozelle realized that sports is more than an isolated segment of society which can be strictly regulated apart from it. Life is changing, and sports must keep pace. Why the phony facade separating the sports world from the real world? Is sports to modernize, or to crawl back into the past? If it is to modernize, then the Joe Namaths of this world must be accepted as part of it.

SONNY KLEINFELD

Fair Lawn, N.J.

Sirs:

Your one-sided condemnation of Joe Namath's retirement is both disappointing and unjustified. The rationale behind the league's ultimatum just does not make sense, if Namath wants to bet or compete with the Mafia, he certainly does not need a public bar in which to transact business. I am glad to see that at least one professional athlete has the courage and integrity to support his freedom despite the ubiquitous Rozelle. Bravo, Joe!

EUGENE D. SHAPIRO

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on your excellent article recounting the recent retirement of Joe Namath. Retirement? It appears to be more like punishment, in the form of Namath getting his face slapped by Pete Rozelle as a result of his disapproval of Joe's so-called "playboy" way of life.

As a reason for the ultimatum of sell or be suspended, Mr. Rozelle stated that people of "undesirable background" were frequenting Bachelors III. How could Namath tell? If so, what could he do about it? The case being as it is, Joe could have been suspended months ago if a criminal had been picked up while having a hamburger at one of the Broadway Joe's drive-ins. Actually, what Mr. Rozelle was saying was, "You're a football player, Joe, so I think you should live like a Puntin."

Previously, I highly respected Pete Rozelle as commissioner of football, but this time, I think he's thrown a bad pass. Joe Namath has made great contributions to football. He is a good athlete, a brilliant quarterback and a fine individual. If he is lost from football, it will suffer in many ways.

GERRY ORTSMAN

Kentwood, Wash.

Sirs:

First you said in your SCORECARD item ("Namath and Rozelle," June 16) that three of the Jets acted like adolescents when they threatened their own retirements. Then you said Joe cried like a child because for once he could not have his own way. Have you forgotten what happened in Los Angeles when George Allen was fired as head coach of the Rams? He cried at his press conference, and I don't remember anyone connected with SI calling him a child.

SHELBY LINNBERG

Cherryvale, Kans.

Sirs:

Mr. Rozelle needs to be reminded that one reason for the realignment of Baltimore and the Jets into the same division was to produce some regular-season "Super Bowls" between the two teams. Without Joe Namath, that segment of realignment is as exciting as seeing summer reruns of *Hunk*.

ROBERT BINSBERG

Denver

Sirs:

Let me compliment you on the cover of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* of June 16. It says a thousand words in one picture. It proves that Joe Namath loves this violent game and wants to play.

WAYNE BREITAG

Leola, S. Dak.

BUFFALO VS. GRIZZLY

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's grisly (sic) series (*The Grizzly Bear Murder Case*, May 12 et seq.) reminds me of the method employed by C. J. (Buffalo) Jones when he was game warden of Yellowstone in the early 1900s. Perhaps the National Park Service should try to revive it. Old Buffalo lassoed the bears in question, hung them over a tree limb and paddled their behinds with a long pole. They gave no further trouble. All that was required was the right man, the right horse and a good strong lasso rope. Ernest Thompson Seton and other naturalists attested to the efficacy of Jones' method, as the record shows.

ROBERT EASTON

Santa Barbara, Calif.

ROW, ROW, ROW

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has again broadened the vistas of sports journalism with the interesting comments of rower-turned-rebel James Kunen (*Merely, Merely*, June 16). The analogy presented by Mr. Kunen between the motives behind life and sport cuts deeper than some may think. The American

Dream is to win, whether winning entails making money, making war or placing first in a boat race. We sometimes fail to see, however, that whoever wins, someone else must lose.

DANA YARAK

San Jose, Calif.

Sirs:

A year ago when James Kunen was writing in *New York* magazine about sitting in the office of the president of Columbia University preparatory to his confrontation with the university's administration, he said he was not quite sure why he was sitting in ("It's possible that I'm here to be cool or to meet people or to meet girls... or to get out of crew or to be arrested. Of course the possibility exists that I am here to pre-empt some change at the university. I am willing to accept the latter as true, or, rather, I am willing, even anxious, not to think about it any more.")

A year later Mr. Kunen has concluded that the motivation prompting his confrontation was to protest institutional racism. To accuse Columbia University of a policy of conscious racism is to deny everything that great universities stand for.

Some people feel Columbia would be doing the country a service if it expelled the students who are causing all the disruptions. The forbearance Columbia has shown for these students is indicative of the concern the institution has for providing all its students with the background to discern what is a proper and improper way to correct the evils that are undermining the quality of our country.

Crew, as with everything else at Columbia, exists for the educational experience it provides its students, and if Mr. Kunen finds unsatisfactory the values that crew demands of dedication and loyalty and honor, there are others who do not.

NORMAN ERIC HILDEBRAND

Coach, Columbia Lightweight Crew 1966-1968

New York City

MORE RETARDS

Sirs:

Your article, *Confessions of a Retarded Tiger* (June 2), has made it easier for others to unburden themselves. At age 15, when my father was stationed in Germany, I was cut off from statewide baseball except for sketchy reports in the *Stars and Stripes*. Consequently, I was compelled to guide my Yankees through the '55 season from my room, playing all 154 games with a deck of cards, my younger brother and I designed to recreate as accurately as possible actual game conditions and percentages. We kept bal-

continued

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Easily added on to your present warm air central heating system, the Executive is without equal in providing your home with the ultimate in hot-weather comfort.

Quite efficiently, too.

Most of the time it operates on the low fan speed. And very quietly. On the above 60° days, it automatically switches to high fan speed providing extra air flow.

The Executive can save you money, too. Power consumption is up to 20% less than other central air conditioners.

On the subject of reliability, the Executive has the GE Climacool Compressor proved near perfect for dependable operation in over 200,000 installations. A phenomenal record.

Another GE exclusive achieves both efficiency and reliability. GE's unique Spine fin coils provide an extremely efficient heat transfer surface.

They also eliminate 93% of the brazed joints found in most plate-fin coils, thus reducing weak spots where leaks can occur, the most common cause of failure.

But not everything we do is for efficiency and reliability.

The Executive cabinet, for instance, boasts a delicate champagne hue that blends beautifully with any outside location.

Another feature of the cabinet is top air discharge. The hot air removed from your home is blown upwards so it doesn't scorch nearby plantings or grass. Much quieter for your neighbors, too!

For your total comfort, you can add such options as the electronic air cleaner and the power humidifier. And, if you're going all the way, there's the Executive furnace with solid state thermostat.

In a hurry? Installation can be quick. Ask your GE dealer for a free estimate today. He's in the Yellow Pages under Air Conditioning Contractors.

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Stop sunburn pain

with
SOLARCAINE



**Stop it faster, more completely
than with ordinary "first aids"**

Never let sunburn ruin an outing! No need to. Solarcaine **STOPS** sunburn pain. Does more than instantly cool fiery skin—it *takes the pain out of nerves* with surface anesthetic benzocaine. That's why it's more effective than first aid products that contain no real pain-stopper.

Solarcaine helps prevent infection, too. Aids healing. Gets you back into action fast. Keep Solarcaine handy, summer and winter. It blocks pain of fiasco burns, small cuts, scratches, skinned legs, minor insect bites, chafed blisters fast—dozens of skin injuries and irritations that hurt, burn or itch. Always carry in duffle bag or car—always be ready to stop skin pain. Get Solarcaine!



In greaseless Lotion and first aid Cream, and handy Spray. Sure, blisters too! Need Solarcaine Lip Balm. Quality products of Plough, Inc.

10TH HOLE continued

ting and pitching records as well as league standings, and I still have not completely forgiven my brother for the success his team, the Cardinals, enjoyed in his league. The Cards breezed to the pennant, playing almost 700 ball, and Stan Musial led all the hitters. My Yanks finished just below 500. Whitey Ford was 14-13, and it took a replay of a "run out" a day after the regular season ended to afford Mickey Mantle a chance to hit his 30th home run. Fortunately, he did hit it.

MAJOR DAVID J. PHILLIPS
West Point, N.Y.

Sirs:

Having just read *Confessions*, I have my own to make. My hang-up is the 1957 Milwaukee Braves. My game was to bounce a baseball against a sloping street curb which had a concrete steam pipe enclosure for a backstop. (Aaron and Mathews each had around 150 homers, but I played 162 games.) My Typhoid Marys were two tremendous guys who recreated games over an Anchorage, Alaska radio station, and whom we sent to the World Series with the help of listener donations.

But the sad thing is that, with the Braves gone from Milwaukee, I no longer get the same kick out of baseball. It has its advantages over football and basketball. Games are played every day, and thus the sports section has more news to report. But that first team to jilt a city has jilted me, and the owner of the nearest professional team, the Washington Senators, has said he might leave if he doesn't make money. No wonder my cry has become "Spahn and Burdette and two days of wet."

ROBERT C. STOREY JR.

Annapolis, Md

CHEER

Sirs:

I must congratulate you on the best overall issue of *SI* (June 9) I have read during my four years as a subscriber. Since becoming a car-racing fan after my trip to Nürburgring on June 1, Kim Chaplin's write-up and Jerry Cooke's photography of Andretti, Granatelli and Indy made my heart beat a little faster. I enjoyed Don Moss' U.S. Open artwork and have gained some understanding of John Carlos from Skip Mylenki's searching article. But what best distinguished the June 9 issue is Bob Oatman's hilarious account of his Great Transatlantic Air Race which was adventure in its truest form. Thanks for a superbly entertaining issue.

CAPT. STEVEN SAEZLER
USAF

AFPO New York

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